

THE READER

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE READER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

SLASHING CRITICISM.

IN a recent number of *The Shilling Magazine* it was stated that "Slashing Articles" are now rarely produced, because they are no longer fashionable. Moreover, it was maintained that the public taste has undergone an entire change in this respect. Undoubtedly, it is as true now as formerly that authors, if they wish to live, must write to please. Although we readily admit that the fondness of the public for any particular form of writing will tend to cause newspapers to furnish what is relished; yet we cannot grant that the decrease in the production of "Slashing Articles" is wholly attributable to an alteration in public taste. Several causes have combined to bring it about. Chief among these is the fact that literature is daily becoming more a matter of business. A journal, if it would prosper, in other words, prove a profitable speculation, must gratify not those only who read, but those also who advertise. It is a well-known fact that most papers, whether appearing daily, weekly, or monthly, are remunerative or the reverse, in proportion to the number of advertisements they contain. Obviously, then, the main object of their proprietors is to attract advertisers. If the sale be very large, the journals are certain to become valuable properties, unaided by the proceeds of the advertising columns. A large circulation, however, is a consummation more frequently and ardently longed for than attained. Another method is to make a journal what is called a "class organ." By doing this, all those to whom it appeals will certainly subscribe to it, and may possibly become "constant readers." At any rate, the paper, being looked upon as the organ of their opinions, will be selected as the most suitable advertising medium by those persons who desire that the members of that class should patronize, and render them prosperous and rich. What the conductors of the publication must sedulously avoid is, giving the slightest ground for complaint on the part of the subscribers; what they must uniformly observe is, to pander to the prejudices of those who advertise. If this be done, all will go well, and everybody will rejoice, a small minority alone excepted, who will grieve to see the pursuit of literature degraded into a trade.

It will readily be understood that, in a journal conducted on the principles referred to, "Slashing Articles" would be out of place. Such articles can only be produced by those who are strangers alike to partiality and prejudice, and can be inserted only in the columns of a paper which is thoroughly independent. Written with the single-minded determination to uphold the true, wheresoever manifested, and to expose the false, by whomsoever approved, they must be impersonal in tone, yet capable of direct personal application. Those who are attacked may be annoyed, and even injured, but the public will be the gainers. The victims, if authors, will find no purchasers for their bad books, and, having to bear a pecuniary loss, may deserve commiseration.

If aspirants for office, or occupants of posts of dignity or emolument, they will doubtless think it hard should their fortunes be blighted through a merciless exposure of their incompetence or venality. By such persons, the writers of "Slashing Articles" are regarded as the hyenas of society. Others, however, who have neither written bad books, delivered silly speeches, nor disgraced their position, class such writers among the benefactors of mankind.

There is a period in the lives of most journals when their conductors manifest an exceptional liking for articles which are both truthful and telling. When they are newly established, the desire of filthy lucre, though uppermost in the minds of their founders, is not openly avowed. A journal, like a joint-stock company, is generally started either to regenerate society, or else to fill up an acknowledged void. For a time it is necessary to make a show of fulfilling the promise of the prospectus. As fools and knaves always abound, it is easy enough to find subjects whereon to vent virtuous indignation, or to turn into ridicule. It is notorious how large a reputation a contemporary obtained by pursuing this course. Week after week some popular idol was cast down from the niche which he did not deserve to occupy, or a charlatan was overwhelmed with shame, and forced to change his ways and live honestly. The energy with which this was done was appreciated by a public which likes above all things to be amused at the expense of its favourites. The protests of the sufferers afforded additional pleasure, by proving the severity of the castigation. If they retaliated, it was in the harmless fashion of affixing nick-names to the journal which they detested. This, again, was an advantage, inasmuch as it was a gratuitous and a capital advertisement. When men of position denounce certain articles in a journal, the public immediately concludes that the journal which is soundly abused must be readable and worthy of support. The public is often less fickle than the paper of which it approves. As young men who are violent Radicals are almost certain when they grow old to ripen into Tories, so a journal, which has made its mark by the slashing style of its articles, is nearly certain, as years roll on, to lapse into the decorous eulogist of men and books. Its circulation may be based on ancient fame, rather than on present character; but as a compensation for whatever may be lost in this particular, it will gain in advertisements. Having a name which is admirable for quotation, every one will rejoice to have a favourable notice from it. As it is commonly, but most erroneously, supposed that the character of a review depends in part on the amount of indirect bribery lavished on a journal in the shape of payments for advertisements, authors will make great sacrifices in order that the titles of their works shall frequently figure in the columns of the popular journal. Thus, it is no longer necessary to fill the difficult and thankless post of public censor. Almost insensibly a gentler style is adopted, which is found to be easier, and quite as useful as the combative one. "Slashing Articles" then become the exception, and are afterwards tabooed.

In any of the cases we have supposed, the decline in the production of "Slashing

Articles" is capable of explanation without inferring an entire change in public taste. Now-a-days, those who write with vigour need not necessarily be vulgar. The foul names in which even scholars once indulged, are no longer thought creditable to those who apply them. The "Slashing Style" is quite as trenchant as of old, without being either so clumsy or so coarse. The club has been abandoned for the rapier. It is found as easy to cause death by a thrust which leaves little trace, as by a blow which crushes the victim into a shapeless mass. We should be sorry, indeed, were public opinion to decree that bad books and bad men should never be touched by the critic's lash. "Happy families" of animals are the most useless of institutions. During the Millennium it may serve a good purpose for the dog and the rat, the lion and the wolf, to lie down together, but in these days they are far better employed in preying upon each other. Anything is better than stagnation. Now, in the world of politics and of letters, the abstinence from fearless criticism entails the stagnation of mediocrity. A few hard words may now and then snuff out a rising genius among hosts of miserable pretenders, but this is a lesser evil than that the pretenders should flourish and take the places of men of genius. So long as there are weeds, we must extirpate them if we would have a rich harvest. Suffer the weeds to grow, and the crop will be stunted, if not destroyed.

Criticism of the kind we approve is, we must acknowledge, exceedingly difficult, as well as rare. It requires on the part of the critic entire honesty and perfect freedom of action. The failings to which a critic is most prone must be sedulously conquered, if he would write a thoroughly good "Slashing Article." Spite, malice, and uncharitableness must never rule in his breast or tinge his style. If he write merely in order to avenge an injury, or simply for the sake of causing pain, he will deserve the scorn of all good men. He should have no other bugbear than wrong-doing, no other detestation than bad work. When criticizing a man's conduct, he should think more of the effect of the action than of the character of the man. When reviewing a book, he should know nothing of the author, except on the title-page, and consider the subject solely on its merits. Criticism of this kind can only be produced by one who is half a hermit and a splendid scholar; who knows thoroughly the ways of the world, but is personally unacquainted with the men who figure in it. Were these conditions united in one man, he might still be charged with being actuated by personal motives, even although such motives were the only ones which could not possibly influence him. Although we shall never meet with a man who unites in his own person all the qualifications of a perfect critic, yet we may hold up the supposititious personage we have sketched as a model after which others may fashion themselves. To aim at excellence is only less praiseworthy than to attain it. Much may be pardoned to critics who exhibit an entire indifference alike to the blandishments of friends and the threats of opponents, and who can despise the censure of those who dislike their harsh sayings, feeling convinced that the obnoxious words are true.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEODORE PARKER.

The Collected Works of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society at Boston, U.S. Edited by Frances Power Cobbe. Vol. XII.—Autobiographical and Miscellaneous Pieces. (Trübner & Co.)

THE truth that a man utters is in some respects wholly independent of what the man himself is. Even a liar might preach truth, or a thief honesty, or an adulterer chastity; and these virtues would be none the less precious and honourable, even though recommended by such advocacy. But still, when the inner life, and the uttered word, and the finished deed are all in perfect harmony—when, in fact, they are but different forms each of the other, and the word and act are manifestations, and not disguises of the man himself, then even truth and virtue gain new power from him who believes, and feels, and utters them.

Theodore Parker is a man worthy of high honour for his natural ability and acquired culture, but worthy of far higher honour for the spirit and purpose with which he cultivated and improved his natural powers and gifts. He was a minister of the Unitarian sect—at any rate, a member of the American Unitarian institution—and he faithfully represented the tendency of that movement of which American Unitarians professed to be the offspring. That body rejected many dogmas which were considered not only orthodox but necessary to salvation, because those dogmas were in the judgment of their intellect absurd, and in the judgment of their conscience demoralizing. This was especially the case, on the one hand, with the dogma of the Trinity, and on the other with the dogma of a vicarious sacrifice for the salvation of mankind; they denied, therefore, a Trinity which they were unable to distinguish from Polytheism, and they denied that sin or virtue can ever be transferable qualities, capable of being “imputed” to persons who did not really possess them. They grounded these denials on the testimony of reason and conscience, believing that if such testimony be not trustworthy there can be no foundation at all either for religion or morality. The conclusions at which they arrived were entirely opposed to the general belief of Christendom; but they did not care for that, so long as they were supported on the one hand by reason and conscience, and on the other by the Scriptures interpreted by reason and conscience. They were regarded with the utmost horror by orthodox Christians—they were considered revolutionary and anarchical, utterly devoid of reverence and sobriety, deaf to the Word of God, and disobedient to His commandments. Notwithstanding this evil reputation, they still bore their testimony, and contended manfully for those rights of human nature, without which religion itself must become a mockery. The Unitarians, however, were far enough from being independent of those special temptations which never fail to accompany success; whatever may be thought of their denials, their affirmations were true and essential to all religious life. There is one God. God is love. Human nature is beautiful and most precious. Man is capable of knowing and doing the will of God. We must have, and we are able to obtain, some reasonable ground of faith and piety. Their clear and necessary affirmations prevailed, as they ought to have prevailed, against those who seemed to say, whether they meant it or not, “There are four Gods—three good, and one infinitely mischievous. God is not perfect, either in wisdom, or power, or goodness. Human nature is not good, and men are not capable, without a miraculous interposition, of knowing and doing God’s will. Men are not at liberty to reject those dogmas which they can neither understand nor believe.” The Unitarians would have remained in Christian communion with those parts of the Church to which they originally belonged, if they had been permitted, provided only they

might have had the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely. They believed that Christianity was practical religion, not merely dogmatic orthodoxy; and they thought that sincerity of intention, and honest wish to be right, was of far greater importance than even the strictest accuracy, if accuracy had been attainable, in verbal expression. But when they had succeeded so far as to become a recognized sect, with vested interests, and elaborate organizations, and need of funds, they began to consider how it was that Christian people in general still kept timidly aloof from them—that their organizations were feeble, and their subscription-lists slender; and they found the explanation of all this—where, in fact, they might have expected to find it—in that very liberty on which their theological and ecclesiastical house was built. They had fought, not for certain definite conclusions, but for the right to arrive at any conclusions to which reason and honesty might lead; and they ought to have known that it is not any one mistake, but the right of an honest man to make any number of mistakes which he cannot help, that orthodoxy abhors and persecutes.

So far had American Unitarianism forgotten the reason of its own existence, and the source from which it sprung, that it could not recognize in Theodore Parker one of its own children, a man doing its own work, for its own reasons, and almost exactly in its own way. The Unitarians had arrived at that period of their history when they were willing “to rest and be thankful,” when they wished to be recognized as an old-established institution, caring more for respectability than for liberty. They did not wish any longer to represent a tendency, a lofty purpose, a perpetual search; they seemed to think that the territory of truth could be conquered and mapped out like the common earth, and so they were ready to return to that old policy, which, in fact, they existed to denounce, the policy of drawing up a confession of faith, compiling articles of religion, and saying to the thought of man and to the revelation of God, “Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.”

The paltry persecutions, unspeakably contemptible and disgusting, to which Theodore Parker was subjected by his own religious kith and kin are rather hinted at than at all minutely detailed in the autobiographical papers which form the most interesting portion of the twelfth volume of his works. He was quite wise enough to know that the work which he set himself to do was quite sure to be followed by persecution. The religious world of his time was extremely anxious to quarrel as little as possible with the unreligious world, with the slaveholding world, for instance. It was anxious, above all things, to combine the service of God and mammon; it was ever ready to grovel in the dust before any vulgar success, and seemed to think that the great end of man was to earn dollars, and enjoy what dollars could buy. Moreover, the Unitarianism with which Theodore Parker had to contend was trying to blow hot and cold with the same mouth. It declared the orthodox dogmas to be so false and mischievous that they must needs be denounced, even at the cost of founding a new sect. And yet they did not want to offend the orthodox party if they could possibly help it; they were eager to avoid extreme measures, and to disown extreme men. Parker, on the other hand, believed that the God of the popular theology was an infinite devil, and that the world would get fuller and fuller of devils the longer it believed in him. Calvin, he thought, was a cold, stern man, but immeasurably kinder than the God of Calvinism. He loathed American slavery with his whole soul, as the sum of all villainies; he predicted that it would plunge his country into war; but what was American slavery to endless hell-fire, in which innumerable spirits of unbaptized babies would writhe for ever? The attitude of American Unitarianism towards Calvinistic orthodoxy was to him utterly incomprehensible. Calvinism either was or was not odious and mischievous. If

it was not, then there was no reason for a Unitarian sect at all; if it was, it ought to be fought and struck at hard constantly, until it was utterly dead.

I have sometimes preached (he says, pp. 203, 204) against the evil doctrines of the popular theology; its false idea of God, of man, and of religion. This popular theology contains many excellent things; but its false things, taken as a whole, are the greatest curse of the nation; a greater curse than drunkenness, than the corruption of political parties; greater than slavery. It stands in the way of every advance. . . . I confess that, while I respect the clergy as much as any class of men, I hate the false ideas of the popular theology, and hate them with my body and with my spirit, with my mind and my conscience, with my heart and my soul; and I hate nothing so much as I hate the false ideas of the popular theology. They are the greatest curse of this nation.

Anybody can guess what sort of treatment the man would receive who felt like this. And, indeed, Parker begun his ministry in a spirit akin to that of the old prophets. No man in soft raiment, idling away his life in kings’ palaces, but ready to brave any dangers and endure any sufferings if only he might deliver God’s message to men.

The work of a Christian minister had been almost from childhood the work to which he felt that something was calling him:—

And though I hesitated some time (he says, pp. 267, 268), soon as I got clearness of sight I returned to my first love, for that seemed free from guile. I then asked myself these three questions:—

1. “Can you seek for what is eternally true, and not be blinded by the opinions of any sect, or of the Christian Church; and can you tell that truth you learn, even when it is unpopular and hated?” I answered, “I CAN!” Rash youth is ever confident.

2. “Can you seek the eternal right, and not be blinded by the statutes and customs of men, ecclesiastical, political, and social; and can you declare that eternal right you discover, applying it to the actual life of man, individual and associated, though it bring you into painful relations of men?” Again I swiftly answered, “I CAN.”

3. “Can you represent in your life that truth of the intellect and that right of the conscience, and so not disgrace with your character what you preach with your lips?” I doubted of this more than the others; the temptation to personal wickedness seemed stronger than that to professional deceit—at least it was then better known; but I answered, “I CAN TRY AND WILL!”

Alas! I little knew all that was involved in these three questions, and their prompt, youthful answers. I understand it better now.

So I determined to become a minister, hoping to help mankind in the most important of all human concerns, the development of man’s highest powers.

We need not wonder that a man who started with such lofty purposes as these, should have discovered that the roll that God had given into his hand was written, within and without, with lamentation, and mourning, and woe. He is at any rate a brave and noble example to those who in some measure fill the place, and ought to be doing the work of the old prophets. It is not for them, surely, simply to echo the popular voices, to justify mischievous and delusive fashions and conventionalisms, and to make their children pass through the fire to any Moloch of despotism in church or nation. It is not their function to ask people what they do like, but to tell them what they ought to like. They are not mere Government officers, to repeat and to apply the common law and statutes, but rather to proclaim that eternal and universal law of right, by which law and statutes must themselves be judged. Think of a minister of religion, for instance, sophisticating about such a law as the Fugitive Slave Law; surely, it was the plain duty of the prophet of the living God—if there be such a man, and if he have any duty at all—to command the whole nation to disobey it.

Theodore Parker had no notion whatever of confining his preaching to mere unprac-

tical speculation that his hearers might sleep under. If the sun shines, he said, it must shine into workshops and cottages, factories and senate-houses, as much as into churches and chapels. There might be a limited class of his hearers who were interested in the subtle refinements of Athanasian and Medieval theology; but every one of his hearers were quite certain to be interested in the election of a President, in the proclamation of war, in the slavery question, and in the great democratic movements of the American people. About these things, therefore, Mr. Theodore Parker preached, thinking that the salvation of the people committed to his care meant their salvation from every kind of wrong, political and social, as well as doctrinal and ecclesiastical.

We have said nothing about those parts of this new volume of his works which are not autobiographical, though they are all well worth reading. They are the words of a thoroughly earnest and good man, who, at any rate, tried to find out what was right, and never shrank from uttering it. Like all other human beings, he may have mistaken for the truth, error, and sometimes he may have failed to perceive that what he did not understand or believed to be mischievous in the creeds of those from whom he differed is, after all, but another side of that truth for which he himself would most earnestly have contended. He fought boldly, with the heroic spirit of a martyr, against falsehood and injustice. His writings are valuable for no small amount of positive truth; but a right method and a right spirit are of far greater importance than immediate results, and men like Theodore Parker are not always travelling at the same pace, and have not all reached the same point, but they all are travelling and trying to lead others along the divine road which leads to perfect truth and perfect goodness. W. K.

OUR SEA-FISHERIES.

Sea-fishing as a Sport: being an Account of the Various Kinds of Sea-fish—How, When, and Where to Catch them in their Various Seasons and Localities. By Lambton J. H. Young. (Groombridge & Sons.)

ALTHOUGH the sea-fisheries of Great Britain have at various periods during the last three or four hundred years attracted the attention, and often the well-meant but injudicious interference, of our rulers, it is only since the organization of the railway system began that their true commercial significance has become apparent, and their importance to the people at large been felt. Up to this period the fisheries were all of a very local kind, and the markets few. The herring harvest of the North—of national importance, by-the-bye, as far back as the days of the Celtic kings of Scotland—went to supply the markets of the Baltic, and, when we had not yet begun to blush for slavery, the colonies of the West Indies; while the pilchard produce of the other end of the island found its way to the Bay of Naples and the shores of the Adriatic.

These, however, were all cured fish; and, so far as our inland towns were concerned, such as Sheffield, Birmingham, Coventry, Oxford, and twenty other centres of population, the great bulk of the inhabitants knew the taste of the finny tribe, whether they were herrings, pilchards, cod, or salmon, only through an intense saline medium. The herring eaten by our negro slaves across the Atlantic was only a degree or two less briny than the one partaken of with grateful gusto by the gentleman Celt in the wilds of Badenoch, or the unpedigreed Saxon in the populous purlieus of St. George's-in-the-East. Such inland places worked out of the depths of their own consciousness certain notions of the sea and of the products thereof, but they were but notions; and many a worthy citizen, if put to the test, would have been puzzled to pronounce on the colour of the red herring on his breakfast table before it had been elevated to the honours of the spit, or of the

scarlet-coated lobster before it had begun to murmur its death song in the boiling cauldron.

But this barbarian innocence on the part of our landward population as to the teeming plenty of the deep was not caused solely by the lack of locomotion. Such ignorance was fitly matched by the want of enterprise on the part of our fishermen on the Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex coasts, for instance, but especially on the Kentish. It is almost within the memory of man that our people, instead of fishing for themselves, adopted the custom so largely followed by the subsidized French fishermen of our own day, who, in spite of the patrolling ships of war sent over by the Emperor, manage to buy from our men whole cargoes of herrings, with which they return to port, and claim the bounty. They do not always confine themselves, indeed, to the little ceremony of buying; and they sometimes manage, when the French and English police of the sea are out of sight, to "make one little affair" not only without wetting a net, but without even passing a single sou. Similar lazy fits, as we have said, not to put too fine a point upon it, for many a long year afflicted our own men; and they would run across to "the Brown Bank," off Holland, and buy, instead of catching, the plaice and turbot with which the London market was in a great measure supplied. Many Government inquiries were made, many companies formed, and many plans tried; but our fishermen, till almost our own time, appear to have been a race whom no encouragement could stimulate, no bounty inspire with pluck.

The following paragraph is to the point, and we quote our author's words as to how matters stood with our fisheries only a hundred years ago:—

In 1749 a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire concerning the herring and white fisheries, and as the result of its labours a corporation was formed with a capital of 500,000*l.*, under the name of "The Society of the Free British Fishing." A bounty of 36*s.* per ton on all decked vessels of from twenty to eighty tons employed in fishing was granted for fourteen years.

The Government had some reason for liberality in this case; for it was only five years before that two fishing vessels belonging to Mr. Saunders, of Harwich, had carried down to the North of Scotland certain munitions of war, which not only influenced banefully at the time the fortunes of Prince Charlie, but led, by-and-bye, to their final extinguishment on the bard-sung field of Culloden.

This bounty [resuming our author] was increased in 1757 to 56*s.* per ton, but without producing an adequate return to the adventurers; and in 1759, by the 33rd George II., a bounty of 80*s.* per ton was granted, besides 2*s.* 8*d.* per barrel upon all fish exported, and interest at the rate of three per cent. was secured to the subscribers, payable out of the customs revenue. The whole number of vessels returned in the custom's house books for the fisheries in consequence of this Act was only eight. In this year the whole busse fishing of Scotland, according to the statement of Adam Smith ("Wealth of Nations"), brought in only four barrels of sea-sticks (herrings cured at sea), each of which, in bounties alone, cost the Government 113*l.* 15*s.*, and each barrel of merchantable herrings cost 159*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*! The explanation of this fact is, that the bounty being given to the vessels and not to the fish, ships were equipped to catch the bounty and not the herrings.

And so on our Government blundered till experience taught them wisdom, and when in 1830 bounties had ceased, the herring fisheries began to get into a healthy state.

Shortly after this period the benefits of the railway system began to be felt, and before a quarter of a century had expired our British fisheries ceased to be localized, and the phrase implied the whole British waters. Little villages before unknown, or at all events unseen, from the lichen-like manner with which the hovels clustered and clung round the base of the rocks, soon made themselves patent to the eye of the traveller by shooting suddenly up into a marvellous sort

of growth called dwelling-houses. The fishing seasons themselves changed, or rather became continuous; and the mackerel and the herring are met or followed nearly all round the island, almost all through the year; and it is impossible to place one's finger upon any continuous ten miles of possible coast, East or West, North or South, on which there is not a thriving fisher village. Instead of reckoning our deep-sea vessels by twos and threes, we reckon our fishing fleet now by hundreds of sail, and in them are bred annually thousands of the finest seamen that ever walked a deck.

Almost contemporaneous with the development of railways was the introduction of ice in the packing out at sea of soles, turbot, haddocks, plaice, &c. No longer are shiploads of fish cast into the Thames, because the vessel was too long on the voyage home; no more will plaice realize 5*s.* and 6*s.* and 7*s.* each, and cod and turbot ever and again prices almost fabulous. The packing in ice has been, moreover, supplemented by the application of steam in the carrying trade; and so long as the fish are to be had, so long will the supply continue perfectly reliable. Indeed, when one coast or sea-bank is fished out, another must be found, and with such vessels and appliances as we have now, we could bring the fish marketably home over a thousand miles of sea.

Shortly after the dawning of this golden day for our fisheries, men of scientific and literary acquirements began to turn their attention to the subject; and our Forbeses and Kingsleys, in their departments, pointed out to the reading classes how intensely interesting it was. The hints and suggestions of the ingenious French fisherman were speedily taken up and carried out by the Buists, the Youngs, and several others interested in the Scottish Salmon Fisheries; and by-and-bye the natural history of this king of fish, in the hands of men like Buckland and Francis, ceased to be a mystery.

After the reading section comes the sporting portion of the community; men who only read that they may be the more successful in the field or by the river side, and the present little volume has been got up expressly to show them that "sea fishing in all its branches may be made a distinct pursuit quite as much as salmon fishing, grouse shooting, or any other of the many sports which have become necessary to the existence of the wealthier classes." Owners of yachts will be specially interested in Mr. Lambton Young's book; and whatever they want to know about the bait, the fishing-gear, and the fish themselves, their habits and places of resort, they will find fully set forth, amply illustrated with woodcuts, in the modest pages of our author. His ideas in many instances we are not prepared to endorse; for instance, we are not quite satisfied about Dr. Kemmerer's "patent for the collection and cultivation of oyster spawn." If Mr. Mitchell work that patent successfully, he will confer an immense boon upon the public; but as in Meg Dods's well-known instructions for making hare-soup, we are told first to catch our hare; so, before we "collect or cultivate" our oyster spawn, we must have spawn to collect. Now, this year "spat" has been remarkably scarce, both on English and French grounds; and, although our own "natives" are just now 5*l.* a bushel, as compared with 2*l.* a bushel three years ago, they will in all likelihood, three years hence, be 10*l.* a bushel. So much for the caprices of nature, and so large is the field for "patents" to correct her vagaries.

In most other respects, however, we think very highly of Mr. Young's book, which, from the great care he has bestowed on its compilation, and the easy manner of his arrangement, facilitating reference, and tabulating statistics, may very properly be termed "a manual of sea-fishing as a sport." It fills a decided gap in our fishing literature, and deserves to become popular.

J. F. R.

THE READER.

2 SEPTEMBER, 1865.

LOVE AND WAR.

Raoul de la Chastre. Aventures de Guerre et d'Amour. Par Maurice Sand. (Paris: Michel Levy Frères.)

MADAME GEORGES SAND, as she prefers to call herself, is so well known and so deservedly popular with all readers of French novels, that people will naturally be curious to see how her son writes. With us Mr. Anthony Trollope is, we imagine, universally placed above his mother, except, perhaps, by some chance *laudator temporis acti*, who cannot relish anything that is not seasoned with the rather pungent salt of the Regency: here the son has, more than his mother, the power of making a character grow up naturally under his hands without strain or visible effort, and he has happily got rid of that particular twang which distinguished the coarseness of thirty years ago from the coarseness of our Braddons and George Eliots. How is it with the son of the author of "Consuelo," the indefatigable lady who supplies the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with its periodical novelette? The book before us proves one thing: M. Sand is certainly not less coarse than his mother; but as to other points affords us no means of judging, for it is not a novel but a romance, full of wild adventure and thrilling incident, and bristling (after the French fashion) with unkindly hints about the feudal system and all belonging to it. There is in it no very elaborate attempt at minute analysis of character; the figures are boldly drawn and highly coloured, as in a stage picture: but for that very reason they are likely to fix themselves on our memories as types, and very passable types they are of their kind. We have the cruel baron, not, as in Germany at the same period, driven by the growth of the free cities to live as a robber knight, but actually imposed on a great city of the South (Arles) as its podesta. We have the knight-errant, waiting at a ford to engage all comers who will not admit that his lady-love is of all ladies the loveliest. We have a glimpse at a crusade; with plenty of notes of home-life among the Moors—for the hero gets sold into slavery to a doctor of Barca. We have castle interiors, like those in several of Sir Walter Scott's romances; lively accounts, too, of tournaments, wedding feasts, and Court life under Philip III. We have the scheming Chancellor, Jacques de Labrosse, whose hatred of the old noblesse is only exceeded by his hatred of the young Queen, Mary of Brabant. He aims at playing the part which so many French Prime Ministers, from Louis XI.'s barber down to Mazarin, played afterwards. But the times are not ripe for such changes. The nobility are weakened, indeed, and impoverished by the crusades, but they have not yet suffered from the long and desolating wars with England, and so are by no means disposed to give in at once to the parvenues. So the Chancellor, despite his shrewdness, despite the good-will of the Parisians, who love him as the enemy of a noblesse of whom the bourgeois are not so fond as are their wives and daughters, comes suddenly to a violent end. Our hero is the means of proving his guilt; a letter which he intercepts, shows that Labrosse is really the poisoner of the Dauphin, the cruel calumniator of the Queen, and he who has so long ruled with a rod of iron the miserable, suspicious Philip (why he was ever called Le Hardi is a puzzle) is at last hanged at Montfaucon on a gibbet twenty feet high. The best drawn character in the book, the one which M. Sand has clearly laboured at *con amore*, is Flissa, the daughter of the Barca doctor, who, of course, falls in love with our hero Raoul, is rescued by him from a terrible death and carried to France, where, pure amid the monstrous corruption of feudal manners, she lives a life apart, studying her father's art, working with Roger Bacon, who is brought in on purpose, getting the character of a sorceress, and (because she has prescribed for the Royal children) hardly escaping the charge of having poisoned the Dauphin.

Flissa is a wonderful being; beautiful, with the richest beauty of the East, she comes into Provence, passes for a young Greek monk (so successfully that a little bourgeoisie, one Gilberte, falls desperately in love with her), deceives every one except Raoul's brother, the wicked monk William, who soon shows her what a light o' love her protector is, and persuades her, in her rage and despair, to run off with him. But as she fell not with Raoul, so neither does she fall with the monk. She is rescued from him by a party of so-called witches—that is, of poor peasant women, making what M. Michelet in his strange book "La Sorcière" and Mr. Lecky after him, call "the wild protest of the wretched serf against the religion which seemed so thoroughly in league with his oppressors." Throughout her history she never forgets Raoul; towards the very last we fancy she is going to relent; but no: she cannot marry him, for she will not turn Christian (she had seen little to make her); and just after their last tender interview (of which something might have come) Raoul is told that his own son by the little bourgeoisie who had fallen in love with "the Greek monk, is Flissa's child by his brother; so he breaks away from her with words of scorn which can never be forgotten. This boy Flissa had picked up one winter in a wood in the arms of his dying mother. Poor Gilberte had only escaped burning, son and all, for heresy, by yielding to the passions of the wicked monk. Escaping the stake, she perishes of cold on her way to find her husband. Flissa trains the boy up as a good Mussulman, and sends him over to Africa when he is old enough. He becomes a Mediterranean corsair, and is taken prisoner by his father during one of his descents on the French coast. He has shown so much bravery, that Raoul spares his life, and suddenly determines to go over and attack Barca (where he had some old scores to pay off), and to establish his prisoner as Bey, if he succeeds in conquering it. While the fight is going on, Flissa (who had left France) comes up to help, at the head of an Arab tribe, among whom she is a venerated "saint." The city is taken; the prisoner's paternity and Flissa's purity are satisfactorily established; Barca gets a Frankish king; and Raoul returns, with his ships full of treasure, to his wife and children in Berri. The wicked monk is a character which is sketched in the darkest colours. Fancy a man who, besides leading the most grossly immoral life, actually sits with other inquisitors in judgment on his brother, accused of sorcery and poisoning, and keeps urging on the torturers to do their work more effectually. The startling thing is that in those days so much, for good or ill, seems to be in the hands of one man. "The individual withers," as the Laureate says; no man in any European country, not even the Arch-Jesuit himself, could have so much power as these old inquisitors had. What a lesson all this is to a nation to beware how, once free, it again puts its neck under the yoke. Monkery and the like have no power except what is given them by those whom they enslave; but when the power is once gotten, it is hard indeed to wrest it away. Do not let our High Church friends cry out that the portrait of Monk William is a wretched calumny. Such men, we know, have been; such men, though rare, are born in every age. The mischief of the old system is, that it gives them an almost limitless power for evil, instead of keeping them within the narrow bounds to which modern society confines them. Besides the monk (whose end, at the hands of Gilberte's husband, is sufficiently horrible), M. Sand gives us a few hints about a Templar's life. His Templars do not stand out like the never-to-be-forgotten knight in "Ivanhoe," but they are much the same sort of fellows—loose livers, loose talkers, with all the evils of orientalism grafted on Western grossness. And now for a very brief sketch of the plot. The book is *all plot*; so those who would not lose an incident must read it for them-

selves. M. Sand tells us that the MS. from which he works belongs to the seventeenth century, while the story goes back to the thirteenth; the tale, or collection of memoirs, is attributed to Adam de la Halle. It purports to be the autobiography of Raoul de la Chastre, an orphan of a noble house in Berri, who, accompanying his grandfather to the crusade under Louis IX., is left on the field, and only escapes being buried with a heap of dead Frenchmen because Flissa's father thinks there is still life in him, and buys him to experiment upon. After his return to France, with Flissa, he finds that all the crusaders who are not dead are ruined, and so, after living on the loose for some time, he takes service under the Queen, and gets on very well, till her marked partiality for him (to which the Chancellor takes care to call Philip's attention) causes him to be thrown into a dungeon. While here, he is (as we said) tried before his brother, condemned to be beheaded, and rescued at the very block by a respite procured for him by Chancellor Labrosse's daughter-in-law, one of the many ladies with whom he has illegal relations. But he is only saved from death to rot in a dungeon; so, concerting plans with a friend, he seizes an under gaoler, who luckily comes down to look at him, gets him buried under his own name, and walks out into the world a new man. Not daring to stay near the Court, he takes to highway robbing; and, increasing by degrees both his band and his hopes, moves off to the frontier where some 15,000 *Brabançons* keep up in the Forest of Ardennes an Ishmaelite war against the King, Duke of Brabant, and petty feudal lords. The life of these forerunners of the Free Companions, lansquenets, and the like, is well described. They are lawless enough. Once there is a great revolt among them, which Raoul punishes with relentless severity; but then they have an excuse in the thorough lawlessness of the times, and in the oppression and misery which have driven them "to the road." Whether M. Sand is right in painting the good old times in quite such dark colours, we cannot tell; our own Scott gives nearly as gloomy a picture, though English feudalism (except, perhaps, in Stephen's time) confessedly never attained the fulness of organized oppression which marked it in France. Recent French writers are never weary of "illustrating" these middle ages from professedly authentic sources, taking care in the process to rub clean off any remnants of gilding, and to show the whole in unrelieved ugliness. Maitland's "Dark Ages," Kenelm Digby's "Broadstone of Honour," and such like books, show that there is another side to all this. We cannot but fear that while the lovers of mediævalism are always quoting against us a few exceptional cases, which seem to multiply as they continually refer to them, books like Raoul describe too truly the normal state of things. But to return to the story. Our leader of *Brabançons* manages to make his peace at Court by means of the intercepted letter, which he seizes among the effects of an old feudal enemy, whom, with his treacherous wife, the *Brabançons* put to a cruel death. He soon after marries an heiress, and begins to think of settling down, when he is called to defend some of his southern fiefs against pirates. Here he captures (as we said) his Mohammedan son; and after various adventures conquers Barca by way of amusement; and having said a final good-bye to Flissa (who tells him, truly enough, that his love for her is merely a man's selfish passion), returns to France, where the memoir leaves him, coming to an abrupt conclusion, not because the story is ended so much as because nearly six hundred of large octavo was rightly judged to be enough at a time. Despite the rattling pace at which M. Sand moves, the story (owing to the extreme lucidity and beauty of the style) is not hard to follow. It is full, too, of *telling bits*—bits which certainly argue research and an acquaintance on the part of the writer with the times which he

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describes. They were bad times: even a gay abbess, for whom Raoul has a *tendre*, put an end to his scruples *de tromper Jésus Christ avec une de ses épouses* (for he is a pious, good Christian after all), by telling him (in the very words used to him before by some naughty married lady), "Oh, il sera le dernier à le savoir." The wicked monk, who is described as a monster of lust and cruelty, unrepentant to the last, clinging to life, even after the husband of the "heretic" Gilberte has mutilated him and carries him about in an iron cage, is still hypocrite enough to try to stop the burial of those who fall at a tourney, "because the sport is forbidden by the Church." Fearful is the way in which the maddened peasantry avenge their wrongs; for compressed and lively description of all the mingled horrors of a jacquerie-fight we know nothing better than the account here given of an attack by the *Brabançons*, who (beaten off many times) succeed at last by some poison-powder, which one of them introduces at a dinner among the chiefs of the enemy. Of course, among other things, we have a mystery-play, in which one of Raoul's old men-at-arms, turned minstrel, acts St. Joseph, and begins a "broad" lament about the birth of a child at such a time; then turning to the moral of his story, the minstrel prophesies of the time when a poor girl will be as sacred as a grand lady. A king selling patents of nobility, nobles using even in their tourneys a good deal of unknighly dagger-work, Germans already employed as mercenaries—all this Raoul's sharp eyes see; and no wonder, for he even notes how the soft stone of his prison walls is full of shells, and actually learns to read quite late in life—taught by Bacon, whom he had delighted by the present of a dead body for dissection. But how about the morality of the book? It may be all true that the ladies of that day (though fairly polished in behaviour—there was only one of Raoul's friends *qui se grattait*) were as bad as they are here described; but is it expedient to reproduce such a scene? Yes: M. Sand's mother, authoress of *Mdlle. de la Quintinie*, that masterly *exposé* of Jesuitism, would say; because in France this lawless, shameless time is just what the *parti prêtre* puts forth as the ideal state. Too many do the same among us. To those whom they might else lead astray, this picture of the middle ages as they were will be useful, despite its very French tone and its unnecessary coarseness.

LIFE IN THE HEBRIDES.

A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life Drama." 2 Vols. (Alex. Strahan.)

THE name of Mr. Alexander Smith on the title-page would scarcely have induced us to open these two tastefully-printed volumes. We acknowledge that gentleman's general merits as a writer, but the title of this book seemed to warn us of one more of those smart superficial publications compiled from the notebook of a galloping tourist—literary pancakes, of which we get so many now-a-days, tossed up in elegant bindings from the pen of some fashionable publisher, and utterly disappointing to any healthy human appetite. A week's walk in Skye, however, accomplished many years ago, had left with us a sort of undefined curiosity about the island, and so we began cutting the leaves of Vol. I, and dipping into it here and there, and ended by reading the work fairly through, from beginning to end, with very considerable pleasure. And we can honestly recommend it as an able and interesting work, from which it will be the reader's own fault if he does not rise with many new ideas, and a distinct notion in his mind of the physical aspect of the Queen of the Hebrides, and of the quaint old-world beliefs and social habits of the Islesmen who dwell there.

For the author is no passing tourist, bent on book-making, but a true lover of the island, who has lived with the people, steeping himself in their traditions, and watching their

works and ways with real sympathy; and the book is not the result of a flying visit, though purporting to tell only of a six weeks' holiday in 1865, but of some ten years' loving study. We may say at once, for the encouragement of all concerned, that very little useful knowledge, so called, whether statistical, geological, or other, will be found in these pages. The compiler would, indeed, be as out of place in Skye as the excursionist. Mr. Smith, in short, is just the kind of man required for a cicerone, one with a quick eye and poetic feeling for the wild and stern in nature, a wide knowledge of Scotch history and tradition, good introductions in the island, a real love for the Celtic people, and last, but not least, something more than tolerance for the unbounded faith of the Islesman in "death-sights," "omens," and the "second-sight." "This prevailing superstitious feeling takes curious possession of one somehow," says Mr. Smith. "You cannot live in a ghostly atmosphere without being more or less affected by it. Lying a-bed you don't like to hear the furniture of your bedroom creak, you become more than usually impressed by the multitudinous and unknown voices of the night. Gradually you get the idea that you and nature are alien, and it is in that feeling of alienation that superstition lives." A man who can feel thus is the proper guide to follow in the land of Ossian; especially if, on the other hand, he can enjoy the humours of a cattle-fair or a harvest home, and the pleasure of a sojourn alone in a bothy amongst the wildest Skye solitudes. "My bed is the heather, my mirror the stream from the hills, my comb and brush the sea-breeze, my watch the sun, my theatre the sunset, and my evening service—not without a rude natural religion in it—watching the pinnacles of the Cuchullins sharpening an intense purple against the pallid orange of the sky, or listening to the melancholy voices of the sea-birds and the tide; that over, I am asleep, till touched by the earliest splendour of the dawn. I am not without reason hugely enamoured of my vagabond life." As an illustration on another side of the present author's fitness for his task we would refer readers to the comments on "MacLeod's tables and maidens," mountains in Skye, and his appreciation of the spiritual value of such an inheritance, beyond the reach of all Rothschild's millions. "Jones may buy the tables and the maidens, but they do not own him; he is for ever an alien; they wear the ancient name, they dream the ancient dream." "What is the use of buying an estate to-day? The old owner holds part possession with you. It is like marrying a widow; you hold her heart, but you hold it in partnership with the dead." Again, his sympathy with the Highlander's incapacity for understanding or enduring chaff may be added to the list of his qualifications. Chaff he holds to be a product of over-ripe civilization—"the glimmer on the head of the dead cod-fish; putridity become phosphorescent, the one thing we have brought to perfection in these later days. It is a weed that grows lustily, because it is manured with our vices and our decomposed faiths."

We have by this time, we think, abundantly proved Mr. Smith's right to a hearing, at the expense of space which we might, perhaps, have filled more to our readers' satisfaction with a description of the contents of the book itself. If, however, we have proved our point, they will go to it for themselves. So far as we from memory are competent to bear testimony, we can speak to the accuracy of the photography. The Portree county, the vale of Sligachan, Loch Cornish, could scarcely be better painted, though human words can never reproduce the gruesome wildness of this last. The description of Dunvegan Castle, and the weaving in therewith of the legends of the Maclean and Macdonald families, is as good as possible. Occasionally, indeed, there is a straining after effect in such phrases as "summer leaped on

"Edinburgh like a tiger," "the chin of the sun now rested on the Minch," but taken as a whole, with the exceptions of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Kingsley, we should be puzzled where to go amongst living authors for better word-painting, though there is a little too much of it.

So far we are reasonably competent to speak; but as to the bulk of the book, and by far the most interesting part of it, we are, to a great extent at fault, and at the mercy of the author. No one who has not lived long in the island can test the accuracy of the picture of the self-contained, primitive, somewhat sombre life of the people. It is, as a whole, so strangely unlike that of any part of the three kingdoms out of the remote Highlands, that one is content to enjoy it without questioning very critically. At the same time we cannot but hope that we are not getting false impressions or being introduced to shadows. We have no doubt at all about Lachlan Roy, Angus with the dogs, or the tobaccoless man. But there are other and more important characters which try our faith somewhat severely. If "the landlord," for instance, is not a real character, we think Mr. Smith has decidedly overstepped the reasonable limits within which the writer of such a book as this should confine himself. For our own part, we are not inclined to doubt his reality. We believe that Mr. Smith's own literary instinct would have hindered him from giving us sketches of this kind founded on nothing more solid than his own imagination. A man has no right, for the sake of making up an amusing book, to avail himself at once of the privileges of the novelist and the traveller. The value and interest of a work of this class consists in its actual veracity. If we cannot give implicit belief to that which the author assures us he saw or heard in his own person, the whole thing is worse than naught. And so we accept "the landlord" loyally, and only wish there were more like him in the Highlands and elsewhere. We fear, however, that some of his plans would scarcely answer further south; for instance, his method for shaming his people out of pauperism. Mr. Smith had remarked a number of cottages out on the moor, away from the village, which the landlord called his "penal settlement." On being asked why, he answers, "Because, should any of the crofters on the hill-side, either from laziness or misconduct, fall into arrears, I transport him at once. I punish him by sending him amongst the people who pay no rent. It's like taking the stripes off a sergeant's arm, and degrading him to the ranks; and if there is any spirit in the man, he tries to regain his old position. I wish my people to respect themselves, and to hold poverty in horror." "And do many get back to the hill-side again?" asks the reasonably astonished auditor. "Yes; and they are all the better for their temporary banishment. I don't wish residence there to be permanent in any case. When one of these fellows gets on and makes a little money, I have him up here at once amongst the rent-paying people. I draw the line at a cow." Mr. McIan, again, the tacksman, an old Peninsular officer, who holds a tract of land in Skye on which some sixty souls and upwards dwell, guiltless of rent, is an equally noteworthy figure. "Between him and his cottars no money passes; by a tacit understanding, he is to give them house, corn ground, potato ground, and they are to remunerate him with labour," which they do faithfully and amply, turning out every man, woman, and child of them to get in his hay or barley in casual weather. The old man sitting there dispensing justice after the manner of the patriarchs, settling all disputes, and administering the ordeal by oath to any girl or shepherd anxious to clear themselves of some malicious charge, and issuing certificates of their having passed the ordeal satisfactory to all concerned, is a sight well worth pausing upon in a time like ours. Accepting, then, "the landlord" and Mr. McIan as actual persons, we feel all the

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better for having made their acquaintance. The possibility of their existence proves the right of Skye to be explored and painted by competent persons; and should we ever return there, as Mr. Smith's book tempts us most strongly to do, we only hope that we may get introductions to them, and see Skye life under their guidance.

The Skye picture is set in a frame which, to our mind, is a mistake in an artistic point of view. The first ninety pages are occupied with a sketch of Edinburgh and the route to Skye—interesting enough in themselves, and full of remarks which are worth turning over, such as those on the use of a resident Prince of the blood in Edinburgh, and those on the Wallace memorial. "It is only when the memory of a hero ceases to be a living power in the hearts of men that they think of raising a monument to him. Monuments are for the dead, not for the living. Although the subscribers think it something quite other, the building of the Wallace monument is a bidding farewell to Scottish nationality," and Mr. Smith is sensible enough to rejoice in this. Notwithstanding passages of this kind, the delay on the road to Skye is a little tedious, but nothing to the loiterings on the road home. The last seventy pages on Glasgow, its clubs, and local scenery and ports, which are tacked on after we have landed on our return voyage from the pleasant deck of "The Clansman," are positively exasperating. They take the fresh taste of Skye out of the mental palate, and we can only advise others not to follow our example, but to leave Mr. Smith at Greenock, with thanks for the pleasant hours which he has enabled them to pass in his company in the wild, weird, but singularly attractive island which he loves so well. H.

THE BELGIAN MONARCHY.

Histoire Populaire du Règne de Léopold Premier, Roi des Belges. Par Louis Hymans. (Brussels: Lebegue. Trübner & Co.)

THE interest of this book is almost exclusively a parliamentary interest. Instead of being called a "Popular History of the Reign of Leopold I., King of the Belgians," it should have taken the more modest and accurate title of "History of Political Parties in Belgium during the Reign of King Leopold." Even the parliamentary history of a great State would, by itself, be dreary; but the parliamentary history of a small State like Belgium is a severer trial to the patience than readers in general would like to undergo. We cannot deny that M. Hymans is a most conscientious, intelligent, and impartial writer, and that his volume contains an immense amount of important information, chiefly statistical. If, however, it is the province of history to paint the progressive life of a people, then assuredly M. Hymans is not a historian. As a work of reference, the volume has considerable value; as such, let it receive our cordial and grateful praise. There are those also to whom the rise and fall of ministries is as important as the rise and fall of empires. Welcome to them must be M. Hymans, with his nice appreciation of parliamentary conflicts and his saving faith in Constitutionalism. A nation is an organic force, yearning and striving, consciously or unconsciously, toward the realization of an ideal; for M. Hymans, it is a conglomerate of institutions. He tells us more than enough about institutions; yet is blind and silent all the while to the vital, essential unity, without which institutions are hollow forms. We are afraid that this tendency to overrate the work of institutions is not peculiar to M. Hymans. The enthusiastic believers in Constitutional government are perhaps more inclined than the admirers of any other kind of government to forget the moral strength in the nation's soul—the spontaneous sympathy, the noble aspirations which can alone give to political and social creations and changes more than a transient and superficial influence.

There is fervent and frequent discourse in these days about nationalities. That dis-

course is not always of an edifying sort; indeed it is too often a cant. Whatever may be said for or against nationalities, it is manifest that the present tendency in political affairs is toward the obliteration of small States. The time is probably not far distant when Switzerland will be the only small State remaining in Europe. War grows every year more and more costly; industrialism every year has a more gigantic march; and every year centralization extends, spite of the fierce and numberless voices which denounce it. Add hereto that the strong are less ready than of old to assist, either from chivalry or calculation, the weak: reasons sufficient, along with others, why small States must ultimately vanish from the scene. It is best, however, that this, if inevitable, should take place by a process of amalgamation, and not by a process of absorption. For instance, we do not wish to see Germany devouring one half of Scandinavia, Russia the other; but the whole of Scandinavia forming one solid commonwealth. There may henceforth be no room in Europe for States of the third, fourth, or fifth rank. States, however, of the second rank could keep their ground, and would be eminently useful. The United Netherlands formed such a State; they would have continued to form it, but for what we cannot help regarding as an unfortunate revolution. Belgium has a population of five, Holland of four, millions. Nine millions of energetic men would not indeed make a great nation, yet certainly a nation to be respected—a nation not to be insulted in peace, or despised in war. But what is Belgium by itself? A political pigmy. And if Holland has rather more political weight than Belgium, it is less from its actual attitude than from the glory of the past. All the inhabitants of the Northern Netherlands are of the same race. But in the Southern Netherlands is a notable minority of mingled Celtic and Romanic origin, called Walloons. The Northern Netherlands are as intensely Protestant as the Southern Netherlands are intensely Catholic. While various dialects, closely related to each other and cognate to Anglo-Saxon, are spoken by the populations of Germanic descent, the Walloons speak a Romanic dialect cognate to the French. Now, it is through the Walloons that French influences and the French language have made such formidable inroads in the Southern Netherlands. It was mainly as a barrier against France that the kingdom of the United Netherlands was created. Covered with fortresses, and possessed by a people whose sympathies, the Walloon element apart, would principally have been with Germany and Scandinavia, the United Netherlands would have constituted a potent hindrance to French aggression. But certain agitators among the Walloons raised the false and foolish cry that the Belgians were oppressed by the Dutch, and, being secretly favoured by the clergy, they fomented disturbances, and produced a catastrophe which destroyed Europe's temple of peace, by destroying Europe's citadel. The effect of Belgium's silly imitation of the July commotion in France was most disastrous to Belgium itself. By the union with Holland, Belgium was brought into living contact with the ocean. It became partaker of Holland's maritime supremacy; it obtained a vast colonial market for its manufactures. In almost every respect, Belgium was the gainer by the union. M. Hymans frankly confesses that during the time when William I. was King of the United Netherlands the material progress of Belgium was rapid and marvellous. That Belgium, along with a host of sentimental grievances, had real grievances to complain of is unquestionable. William I. was not exactly a bad ruler; but, like the Emperor Joseph II., he was too prone to play the pedagogue in his reforms, and he was as obstinate as our own George III. At all events, the oppression, if there was oppression, was sharp and annoying, rather than heavy, and did not demand, did not justify, an appeal to arms. It was, for instance, re-

presented, and resented as an intolerable wrong, that Dutch should have been declared the official language for the entire kingdom. But, as the Dutch and the Flemish languages are nearly identical, there was no serious hardship in the matter. Nevertheless, a genial, conciliatory monarch, even if substantially much more despotic than William, could not have had much difficulty in preventing the disruption. William's concessions were as ill-advised as his arbitrary acts, and always came too late. The Prince of Orange was exceedingly popular. He had served with distinction in the Napoleonic wars, and the Belgians were as proud of him as the Dutch. If, the moment the agitation began, the offspring of French propagandism and clerical intrigue, the Prince had been allowed to meet it in his own fashion, he would have—here, by wisely yielding, there, by wisely resisting—hindered it from going beyond an insignificant riot. The King's worst blunder was rejecting the policy—prudent, yet firm—which his gallant son ardently desired to pursue. Having dignified a clumsy insurrection with the name of a revolution, the Belgians could not stand before the Dutch in the open field. They were more than once ignominiously defeated. Till the French interfered, the Belgians fled like sheep from too near an approach to the Dutch bayonets. But for that interference, countenanced as it was by England, from the dread of a European war, Belgium would speedily have been brought anew under the sway of its ancient master. The great Powers were guilty of a flagrant diplomatic blunder in meddling with the quarrel. Both the solid sense and the true conservative feeling of Belgium were with the Dutch, as is shown by the circumstance that there is still a large Orange party in the country; and, the rebels subdued, it would soon have been seen that the whole movement was of an artificial character. Let this be as it may, all must grant that, after the Belgians had received from French hands the dangerous gift of independence, they exhibited praiseworthy moderation and sagacity. They chose to rule over them, not a man of brilliant gifts, of daring, of enterprise, but a thoughtful, cautious man, who had learned, in the school of English Constitutionalism, how to check excesses, and to mitigate the violence of extremes. Leopold has reigned for thirty-four years, honoured, beloved at home, respected abroad. He has been a strictly Constitutional monarch; has originated nothing, initiated nothing; does not seem even to have suggested anything, rigidly limiting himself to his part as a regulator. It is quite as much by the absence of certain qualities as by the possession of others that the King was enabled to pursue a consistent path, never betrayed into a single false step. He is a philosopher, a sage—we might almost say a student; not merely fond of wisdom for wisdom's sake, but fond of meditation for meditation's sake; resembling herein his nephew, Prince Albert. In both these men we discover what we might fitly name a professorial leaven, as if, by nature, they were more adapted to adorn literature and enrich science than to shine on thrones. Free from ambition, Leopold probably did not leave his retirement at Claremont without regret. All that he could do, when the Belgian sceptre was placed in his hand, was to strive his utmost to make a small nation happy. No scope was offered to the heroic virtues. By being torn from the Northern Netherlands, Belgium was doomed to a political insignificance, which elevated a trimming, trembling neutrality half into the sacredness of a duty. What would have repelled bolder, more aspiring souls, attracted this good prince. He was content to be a monarch; not that he might have a monarch's authority, but that he might make a species of philanthropic experiment. On the success of the experiment, opinions must vary. Much has been done for the education of all classes; but the education is so completely under clerical control as to dwarf and deform the mind, and to paralyze it into a worse than Spanish immobility. There is liberty in abundance, but

it is a liberty dependent on the whim of France. All the industrial energies work at high pressure, but hideous and howling pauperism follows close behind. Some of the leading branches of trade and manufactures, for eminence in which Belgium had long been famous, are slowly dying. Even the things the most flourishing would have flourished more if the union with the Southern Netherlands had not been dissolved. The maritime activities of Belgium have disgracefully declined. Ostend is a packet station and a watering-place—little more; many foreign vessels visit Antwerp, but few Belgian vessels sail therefrom. And how completely is Antwerp dependent on the good-will of Holland! The Belgians consume large quantities of fish, but they have to trust nearly altogether to the Dutch for the supply. Thus, when during the frequent Catholic fasts the Belgians turn fish-eaters, the Protestant Dutch, merciful and mercenary, have to supply them with their food. Belgium has produced many accomplished statisticians; but a country fascinated by the charm of statistics is generally a country painfully conscious of suffering from the leprosy of pauperism. Study the statistics of Belgium itself, in reference to prevailing indigence, and you are struck with horror. Private benevolence in Belgium is exceedingly generous; it is encouraged by the precept and the example of the Church, and there is a legal provision for the poor. But, spite of all these fountains of charity, we must go to Ireland to find anything comparable to the misery which, since its revolution, Belgium has at various times borne. In truth, notwithstanding its apparent progress, Belgium is threatened with a revolution of a very different kind—a social revolution. And, though the King is wise and well-meaning, yet, as the conflicts of the two parties, the Liberals and the Clericals, are wholly barren—as in the midst of countless talkers not one solitary statesman has arisen—as the Republicans, the French Fusionists, the Orangeists are busy augmenting, intensifying the discord, of which the parliamentary parties offer the example—the King is powerless. If the union between the Northern and the Southern Netherlands could be revived, that were well. It seems, however, in present circumstances, wholly improbable. On other contingencies it would be folly to speculate. Prophets of evil are evil prophets, it has been said. We wish to be neither. But, feeling the deepest interest in Belgium and its fate, we dare not predict a season of peace when the venerable King has ended his days.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLICS.

Buenos Ayres and Argentine Gleanings, with Extracts from a Diary of Salado Exploration in 1862 and 1863. By Thomas J. Hutchinson, F.R.G.S., &c., H.M. Consul for Rosario, Santa Fé, &c., &c. (Stanford.)

War in the River Plate in 1865. (R. Hardwicke.)
Les Dissensions des Républiques de la Plata et les Machinations du Brésil. (Paris: E. Dentu.)

SOME time ago, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article which deserved more attention than there is any reason to believe that it has obtained, enumerated several subjects neglected or inadequately treated by the journals which undertake to fetch news and truth for the English public from the ends of the world, and specified the want of correct, and even coherent, information about the States of South America and the war in the River Plate. This war has been proceeding now for nearly a twelvemonth, and has lately assumed more serious proportions. A correspondent of *The Spectator*, "J. M. L.," who, we presume, is a well-known writer, not more able than conscientious, has very lately cautioned the public against trusting entirely to the accounts of the South American War which come to our leading daily journals from Argentine and Brazilian sources; and he has been followed, in the same journal, by Mr. Christie, the late Minister for Brazil, who considers that our able contemporary

The Spectator has been in some degree misled by statements in praise of Paraguay as far from truth as any of the flattering information about Brazil with which Brazilian agents have saturated the English press. It is the custom of all these South American Governments to get themselves puffed, according to their means and opportunities, in Europe in books and newspapers. Paraguay, governed under republican forms by an absolute despot, who is rich with hoarded public wealth and an annual surplus revenue, is as indefatigable as Brazil to win European applause by paying writers of books and newspaper articles. A French work on Paraguay, which appeared in 1862, was written to order by a Belgian baron, named Du Graty. The same writer of ready pen and cosmopolitan conscience had previously done the Argentine Confederation, now called Argentine Republic, in another French volume, written likewise by contract. Paraguay is at this moment doing its work of self-praise and self-defence for Europe in the Paris printing-presses. The French pamphlet named at the head of this article gives the Paraguayan version of the Paraguay Government and the present war. The English pamphlet named second on the list is from the active workshop of London Brazilian agency. Brazil, as an Empire, with diplomatic relations with all the chief Governments of the world, with a considerably larger population (though very small in proportion to its immense territory) and a considerably larger revenue (though always overspent) than those of any of the River Plate States, with larger commercial relations with England, and a foreign debt of ten millions, principally held in London, has greater patronage and appliances for self-praise in England than any of the other South American Governments. A new loan of four millions for Brazil is already announced by the editor of *The Times City Article*, and a Minister has lately arrived from Buenos Ayres to raise a loan in London for the Argentine Republic. These loans, profitable enough for the contractors and their friends, are corollaries of the present war, and final causes of a great deal of laudatory writing. We could say a great deal more on this subject of Brazilian agency, and of stock-jobbing and commercial influences, poisoning our fountains of knowledge.

Under such circumstances as have been described, any honest and painstaking work on one of the South American countries must be welcome to those who wish for truth. Mr. Hutchinson's volume was composed before the beginning of the present war in the River Plate. He is English Consul at Rosario, in the Argentine Province of Santa Fé, a port in the River Paraná, some four hundred miles above Buenos Ayres. He appears to have left England for his Consulate in the end of the year 1861, so that the work is probably the result of at most two years' residence in the Argentine Republic, and there is no doubt that a longer experience would have greatly improved the book. The accounts of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video (the Republic of the Uruguay or the Oriental State) are favourable specimens of an intelligent, industrious traveller, seeing all that is to be seen, and collecting statistical and other information from the best books and persons he can get hold of. The most interesting and original portion of the book is the account of a journey up the River Salado, and through the interior Provinces of Cordova, Santiago, and Tucuman. Mr. Hutchinson had been instructed by the Foreign Office to visit the Salado Valley as early as possible, and "ascertain if many thousands of acres of cotton were growing wild there, as reported, through several reliable sources, to the Cotton Supply Association of Manchester." Another instance of the unreliability of information about these countries from reliable sources! Mr. Hutchinson made a most arduous journey of terrible discomfort in search of this immense quantity of wild cotton, and could find none at all. As he leaves the Province of Santiago, Mr. Hutchin-

son writes: "Up to this time I have been travelling through the Salado Valley, and having seen no wild cotton anywhere, determine on crossing the country to Tucuman." The population of the whole Argentine Republic, comprising fourteen provinces, was estimated in 1858 at twelve hundred thousand; and there will have been since no considerable increase. The city and province of Buenos Ayres have probably a third of the whole population. The foreign immigration goes almost exclusively to the province of Buenos Ayres, where a third of the population are foreigners. Beyond the city of Buenos Ayres there would seem little progress in material civilization. More truth about these countries is to be learnt from Mr. Hutchinson's plain narrative of his travels from Rosario into the interior Provinces than from all the flourishes of newspaper articles and pamphlets of zealous or interested eulogists. We are struck everywhere with the want of population and squalid poverty. The following extract gives a vivid picture of Argentine life and manners in Cordova Province:—

Our day's travel since leaving Encrucijada was only seven leagues, and we stopped for the night at the house of Don Teodoro Pucheta, at Tajamares. We had been sitting for about an hour outside the house, and, having just finished our evening meal, were talking over our journey, when Don Teodoro, in a very quiet, slow way of talking he had, told us that his wife and he were going to a ball, and to a house where an infant of only three months old had died yesterday. Thinking this would be an opportunity to witness one of the peculiar customs of the country, I at once acceded to his equally quiet way of hinting to Don Estevan Rams and me that we might accompany him. Observing that neither the Señora nor Don Teodoro made any preparations, we took the usual privilege of travellers, and set off in our dirty ponchos. As if two additional horses had sprung out of the ground with the aid of an enchanter's wand, a couple of steeds are ready for us. For we have a ride of about a league, *poco mas ó menos*, and our host's wife is mounted behind him.

As we dismounted there was a picture before us perfectly novel to me. We were received by at least a dozen dogs, not of the jolly species, but a set of those infernal barking curs that are such a nuisance in this country. The foremost scene in the picture was the baby laid out in state on a small table. At its head were two candles, stuck, one in a broken gin, and the other in a damaged beer bottle. The little defunct seemed but as a dot in the quantity of tinsel and ribbon flowers that swallowed it up. Each of its cheeks was painted with a cochineal daub of about the size of a dollar, and the lips smeared with the same sombre red gave to the rest of its face a very ghastly appearance. An enormous crown was placed above its head, a pair of fragile paper wings fastened to its shoulders, and its little hands were folded over its breast, grasping a cross more than half the size of itself. The rest of the body was covered by a linen wrapper replete with tinsel and spangles. The only light in the place was that from the two candles at the infant's head. As I viewed this scene, and observed a pair dancing when we came up, it occurred to me how strange would be such a sight to English eyes. Particularly so after being informed that such is the national desire for dancing that dead babies have been lent from one house to another for the purpose of getting up a ball.

The music for the dancing at first seemed as if from a Jew's-harp, till I saw a woman sitting in the corner strumming a guitar. The guitar was played by two women, who relieved each other every half-hour. Refreshments consisted of paper cigars, maté, gin, and anise; the two latter being sent literally "from hand to mouth." For the babe's father walked about with the two bottles, from which everyone took a swig and passed them on. Thus it went on till near three o'clock in the morning—dancing, singing, guitar playing, and passing the gin bottle. As soon as daybreak should appear the babe was to be rolled up in a bundle, and to be borne by the father on horseback to its last resting-place, at the graveyard of El Puesto de Castro, five leagues off.

The night after this ball Mr. Hutchinson's resting-place was one of the most miserable conceivable huts, the abode of terrible poverty:—

THE READER.

2 SEPTEMBER, 1865.

Here we are to-night at a wretched hut, about six feet long and five feet wide, with a flat covering at top, which can scarcely be called a roof, and not more than six feet high. The whole fabric is composed of mud and branches, being in the shape of a large box. Nothing inside in the form of a bed except a cowhide, on which sleep father, mother, seven children of their own, and a little orphan boy; in fact, a family of ten, all huddled together. Nothing of a seat (there is no room to sit inside), but a few logs outside; nothing of furniture, save two bags, one of goat, the other of pigskin, hanging from the roof, and containing vacancy. What was once a shawl and a skirt on the mother; the same style of thing on the eldest daughter; a wrapper of an indefinable kind rolled round three of the children, making them one lump; a few of the juveniles perfectly naked, and others wearing no more than ribbons of rags. The shawls and skirts of the mother and daughter serve as a covering for the whole family at night.

Another night, in Santiago Province, "the woman, head of the family, spent several minutes picking vermin off the bed," so our Consul preferred lying down, without bed, with his rug and cloak. Verily, the gentlemen of Manchester, who are responsible for this toilsome and trying wild-goose wild-cotton chase, should bethink themselves of some compensation for the worthy Consul.

Mr. Hutchinson's book is not improved by his constant use of Spanish words and local English coined from Spanish, which cannot be understood by the ordinary reader, ignorant of Spanish. Some part of the book appears to have been first published as letters in a Liverpool newspaper. On the whole, time and further opportunities of knowledge would make Mr. Hutchinson fitter for the task of giving the English public a thoroughly good work on the Argentine Republic. Amid the large quantity of statistics which he gives, we have looked in vain for a statement of the revenue and of the public debt of the Argentine Government. *Apropos* of cotton, Mr. Hutchinson makes what seems a very practical and excellent recommendation—to concentrate operations on the islands of the Paraná and Uruguay rivers, which are estimated as containing from 3,000 to 4,000 square miles of *terra firma*. Labourers are the great want; and, though the River Plate countries are incomparably better than Brazil for European emigrants, there are difficulties there, too, in wars and intestine troubles, bad government, and a general prejudice against foreigners.

HENRI DE ROHAN.

Henri de Rohan; or, the Huguenot Refugee. By Francisca Ingram Ouvry, Author of "Arnold Delahaize." (Bell & Daldy.)

A PREFATORY announcement that its story is a sequel to Arnold Delahaize has an import which should not be lost sight of in weighing the merits of the present volume. The story, as the author states, is complete in itself; but we believe that, with most readers, its interest will depend, to no small extent, on a previous acquaintance with the characters of the earlier story, whose fortunes are here continued. To the chief personage in the drama this remark, however, does not apply; for the Huguenot pastor of the original plays so important a part in the sequel, that it is hard to say whether he or the Huguenot refugee is the true hero of the later tale. Miss Ouvry's design in the present volume appears to have been to illustrate a fresh phase of the Protestant spirit, as developed in the actions of a young man of ardent temper, burning to exert his strength and skill against the oppressors of his faith. For this purpose she selects as her hero the son of a Huguenot martyr, whose death in prison is described in the earlier volume. She places him in voluntary exile in England, where he eventually takes to a soldier's life, joins the Huguenot contingent, under Ruvigny, against King James II., and distinguishes himself at the Battle of the Boyne, and afterwards in Flanders against the tyrant of his own

country. The author's promise is thus performed, for the fortunes of Henri de Rohan illustrate the history of the Huguenots from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Peace of Ryswick. But, as we have intimated above, the chief interest of the story is still centred in her first hero, Arnold Delahaize. Steadfast under the severest trials to which a faith can be exposed, patient and long-suffering, without a thought of self, or an evil desire against his enemy, the French pastor presented an ideal of the Christian character, which was the only type that seemed worthy of the hero of a Huguenot historical novel. We see enough, therefore, of M. Arnold in the present story to enable us to estimate his character and take an interest in his fortunes. As much can scarcely be said of some of the other numerous persons who are brought upon the stage. The author has largely availed herself of a certain time-honoured device of fiction. The sudden recognition of a long-lost friend, either in disguise or under an assumed name, or at an unexpected time or place, is almost always an effective incident in a novel, provided that the person in question is really an old friend. It is on the strength of this proviso that the success of the method mainly depends. If we have but a passing acquaintance with the person in question, his identity with a dying smuggler or a friar of orders grey is a matter of small interest to us. Now it is in this point that we conceive the story of Henri de Rohan to be somewhat weakened by its relationship to Arnold Delahaize. Nearly all the characters in the earlier history turn up, more or less unexpectedly, in the course of the later one; and this favourite device is repeated, until the reader is apt to suspect every wounded prisoner who is brought in, and every refugee who lands, of being one of Arnold's school-fellows, or an actor in some scene of his past life, breaking out, as it were, in a fresh place. But we have no intention to point severely at this slight mark of a young hand at novel writing. The tale has merits and interest of its own, and a retrospect in the earlier chapters presents the necessity of recurring to the preceding narrative.

Henri de Rohan, when first introduced to us, is residing in Italy with his widowed mother and paternal grandfather, the Marquis de Rohan. The latter, himself a Huguenot, has two surviving sons, who, having been brought up in the opposite faith of their mother, are in favour at the Court of Versailles, whereas the youngest son, the father of Henri, has been hunted to death by a ruthless *convertisseur*, also the chief persecutor of Arnold Delahaize. Of the remaining brothers, René, the eldest, chiefly at the instigation of his wife and her priestly advisers, has resolved, by fair means or foul, to effect the conversion of Henri and his mother to the Royal faith; while John, who has a kind and tolerant disposition, is ever willing to exert his influence in favour of his persecuted relatives. By his means, Henri and his mother obtain a limited leave of absence from France, instead of being at once consigned to the unwelcome guardianship of René. The widow and her son retire to England, where the boy is to put to school, and soon distinguishes himself for his pluck and daring, qualities which get him into a serious scrape as leader of a band of depredators in a neighbouring orchard belonging to Lord Coniston. The young bandit is taken prisoner, and, in dire alarm at the threat of a disgraceful punishment, makes his escape from a strong room to which he has been consigned, and in attempting to swim a river, to avoid recapture, is saved from drowning by the exertions of his noble gaoler. Hence the connexion between Henri and Arnold Delahaize, who is now the chaplain of Lord Coniston, a benevolent nobleman, who takes the Huguenots under his especial protection. Under the united efforts of his lordship and the chaplain, with the unwelcome aid of a pestilence which visits the district, a neighbouring collection of huts, rejoicing in the name of Labour-in-

vain, which had hitherto been the resort of smugglers and desperate persons, changes its character, and becomes a thriving colony of French refugees. Meanwhile, the term of Henri's leave of absence having expired, he refuses to return to France, thus placing himself in open contempt of the laws of his country. Before taking arms against his countrymen, however, he has a narrow escape from a compulsory service, and at the same time the shadow of death passes very close to his friend and tutor, Delahaize. The incident in question is the most exciting, and one of the best described, in the book. Returning home one day on foot, in a farmer's rough clothes, his own being wet through, the lad is entrapped by a seafaring man of mighty strength, and carried off to a smuggler's cave, previously to his embarkation. The captor, one Dick Gaunt, is in reality a good-hearted fellow, and speedily repents of the injury he has done. The deed was a blundering imitation of the practices of His Majesty's Navy, and the honest sailor has no sooner secured his prisoner than he begins to plan his escape. Secret information of his position is furnished to his friends, and Arnold gains admission to the cave. A minute more, and the chain will be unfastened and the captive free; but the sudden entry of the captain changes the face of affairs. Arnold, the active enemy of the smugglers, is in their power, and their leader, inflamed with drink and recent defeat, prepares to shoot him on the spot. But the cause of innocence triumphs, and (with a touch of theatrical justice) the captain, already faltering in his purpose from some qualm of conscience, is struck down, with his finger on the trigger, by a shot from the pistol of one of his men, whom Arnold has befriended. We need scarcely add that the would-be murderer turns out to be Arnold's brother-in-law and old school-fellow, who has abjured his faith and taken to evil courses, but dies repentant in the pastor's arms. We cannot follow the author through the various incidents which serve to exhibit the constancy and simple courage of the Huguenot clergyman. He is endowed with perfections of the mind and body as well as of the heart, and may indeed be regarded as a sort of admirable Crichton. His power of inspiring affection is not confined to man, but extends itself to the brute creation; and to his Rarey-like dominion over fiery steeds, which in a chance encounter is exhibited before King Louis himself, he at length owes a mark of favour even from the Grand Monarque. The incident occurs during a visit to France, which Arnold and Henri are permitted to make in safety through the interest of powerful friends, and it affords to the former the opportunity of obtaining the release of one M. André, a benevolent surgeon, to whom Arnold owes his life, and who has been provoked to utter treasonable words, and confined in the Bastille. Arnold's interview with the King, and the generous argument whereby he pleads for his own captivity in his friend's stead, are among the best passages in the book. Delahaize's next visit to his country is a stolen one, undertaken to aid the persecuted inhabitants of his native place to escape. Here soldiers and bloodhounds are set upon his track, but he eludes their vigilance, and returns to Coniston, after fully effecting his object. Turning once more to the fortunes of Henri de Rohan, we find them not free from disaster. On one occasion he is taken prisoner by the French, and consigned to the guardianship of his cruel brother, René, who places him in a deep dungeon, for the benefit of his faith. Henri is rescued by a schoolfellow (who, as usual, appears suddenly on the stage for this special purpose), and subsequently has an opportunity of repaying his uncle's cruelty with kindness. Thus he gains him as a friend, and secures his presence, along with John de Rohan's, at his wedding with Lord Coniston's grand-daughter, a ceremony which is, of course, performed by Arnold Delahaize.

It will be seen that the narrative before us is not devoid of incident. If we must criti-

cize, we should say that its chief defect, as a story, lies in the want of a more compact framework. It would be easy to bring the narrative to as good a close at many points besides the end of the volume; and this can never be the case with a perfect composition. In other respects, it is an improvement on the preceding story, and exhibits a more fertile invention. It reads smoothly, for the style of writing is polished (perhaps too much so for very graphic description), and it may be recommended as an excellent book for young people, its tone being most healthy throughout, and its entire avoidance of religious bitterness and a sectarian spirit being worthy of no light praise.

SCHERER'S ESSAYS.

Nouvelles Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine.
Par Edmond Scherer. (Paris: Michel Lévy.)

THOUGH M. Scherer is no longer a young man, it is only comparatively recently that he has made himself a name in the more general French world of letters. Among foreign Protestants he had indeed been a conspicuous character for some considerable time. The contrast between the orthodoxy of his earlier teaching and the ever-increasing "breadth" of his subsequent views had naturally attracted a good deal of attention among his co-religionists. Even those who latterly were most scandalized at a minister's advocating the very advanced opinions which he advocated could not but recognize his ability. His heresies had formed the subject of a kind of theological battle, and probably there were few members of the Reformed Church to whom he was not a well-known personage. But in France the fact that a man is a distinguished Protestant writer by no means implies that his fame has resounded beyond the confines of Protestantism, and found an echo in the general literature of the country. The two streams flow utterly distinct. It is but very seldom that the wider public knows or cares to know anything about those who are exercising, perhaps, great influence over the smaller. Thus it might have happened that M. Scherer, notwithstanding his talents, would have been doomed to "waste his sweetness" upon comparatively "desert air," had not his views developed to a point where they were incompatible with even the very lax standard of doctrine which some of his brethren accept. Being a man pre-eminently honest and sincere, he abandoned the ministry, and has since become a pure *littérateur*. He is now one of the principal writers on the staff of the *Temps*, a paper conducted with much ability and independence.

It was, if we are not very much mistaken, in the pages of that periodical that the various articles composing the volume before us originally appeared. Nevertheless, this is a point on which we must not be understood to speak with absolute certainty, for though we recollect seeing one or two of these articles in the *Temps*, yet we did not see them all, and M. Scherer vouchsafes us no information on the subject. Perhaps he intends the preface to the "*Etudes Critiques sur la Littérature Contemporaine*," which he published some two years ago, to serve as the preface to this book, and so considers himself exonerated from the task of giving any account of its general scope and character. Part of this information we find it rather difficult to supply, for though of character it has a good deal, scope it has none. Indeed, M. Scherer very frankly confessed as much in the preface to which we have just adverted. "Custom," said he, "requires that an introduction should epitomize the doctrines embodied in a book. But what if a book embodies no doctrines? This is a case for which no provision appears to have been made. And the fact is that I see well enough that many subjects are treated in the following pages—philosophy, religion, literature, history, politics, ethics—there is a little of everything. . . . Well, with all this, seek as I may, I am unable to discover anywhere the

smallest shadow of a doctrine." The same remark is fully applicable to the volume before us. Like its predecessor, it is a collection of papers on various subjects—papers that have no connexion of purpose or intention, and might so far be the production of different hands. It is useless, therefore, for the critic to endeavour to regard that as a whole which is but a fortuitous aggregation of details. When a man has steadily laboured to destroy every fixed belief he ever held, and deliberately comes to the conclusion that the "supreme reality" in this world is the "dream that knows itself to be a dream, the negation that ceases to be a negation by affirming and recognizing itself," it is pretty nearly useless to try and discover any leading principle in his books. In such a case, a leading principle would almost be a want of consistency.

We are thus compelled to regard these *Nouvelles Etudes* merely as an assemblage of unconnected sketches; and perhaps a brief catalogue will be the best means of giving the reader an idea of the character of the contents. First, then, we have a slight but interesting article on Count Cavour; and others of a similar nature on Foucault, who occupied a rather prominent position as one of the *Intendants* of Louis XIV., and Boissonade, who was a distinguished critic and Greek scholar of the beginning of this century. There are longer and more important biographical sketches of Sismondi, the Genevese historian and political economist, of Madame Roland, and of Maurice de Guérin, the prose poet, who wrote the "Centaure," and whose posthumous fame, like that of his graceful-minded sister Eugénie, shines with such pure and beautiful radiance. Then come articles on Waterloo, on the Monarchy of 1830, on the Eighteenth Century, on Madame de Sévigné—a theme which never seems to grow old with French writers—and on Goethe's "Faust;" there is also an ingenious discussion respecting the precise amount of allegorical meaning which Dante intended us to attach to the "Divine Comedy." In addition to these various essays and papers, the volume contains reviews of M. Eugène Fromentin's novel of "Dominique," of the Emperor's "Life of Julius Caesar," of Lacordaire's correspondence with Madame Swetchine, and of a devotional work by M. Dupin, the great lawyer. This last, as might be expected, is not a production which M. Scherer delights to honour. But we confess that as a specimen of "chaff" we very much prefer the article on M. Veuillot in his former volume.

There are several of these papers on which we should like to linger for a few moments, but we must be content to select two or three of those that interest us most, and leave the rest unnoticed. First, then, a word respecting the article on Waterloo. M. Scherer has always spoken with manly fairness respecting England, and some of our readers may, perhaps, remember an article of his which created considerable sensation at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1862. It was a kind of advertisement from the author to his countrymen, informing them of the many things they would find worthy of their admiration, and even imitation, on this side of the Channel. The great national institution of cricket was a theme on which he specially dilated in glowing terms. So fervid was his enthusiasm, that he did not hesitate to declare, in words which should strike a responsive chord in the heart of every "muscular Christian," that "the Englishman was a magnificent specimen of humanity, and that it was cricket that had made the Englishman what he was." Now when a foreigner can appreciate the "manly game" in this hearty way, we think our reputation is pretty safe in his hands. Nevertheless, we own to having opened M. Scherer's article on Waterloo with some dread, fearing that we might henceforth have to abate somewhat of the respect with which we had regarded him as a Frenchman who believed in cricket and really loved England; for Waterloo is

the subject which more almost than any other tests the fairness and impartiality of a French writer. If he can speak generously and dispassionately on that topic, he is a man whose soul has soared above prejudice, and who has made out a fair claim to naturalization as a citizen of the world. M. Scherer, we are happy to say, comes out of the ordeal unscathed, as the following extract will show. It will be a better day for England and France when such words are more commonly uttered by journalists and historians on either side of the Channel:—

There is besides, in all these judgments, a point which has been forgotten, and which it is now time should be remembered. This point is nothing less than the enemy with whom we have had to deal. The historians of Waterloo appear not to be aware that a defeat implies two things: the inferiority of one of the parties concerned, and the superiority of the other. If we were beaten at Waterloo, it was apparently because we deserved to be so; I mean, because the enemy was stronger and more skilful than ourselves.

We were crushed by the junction of the Prussians with the English; but if that junction was effected, it was because Blücher brought indomitable pluck to bear on the transaction, because the English resisted all the efforts of our soldiers with unshaken fortitude. I admit that Wellington was surprised at Brussels; I have certainly no wish to compare his beautiful and wise arrangements with the great strategical ideas of Napoleon; I am perfectly aware that the English general does not take his place, in the history of war, among those creative geniuses who renovate an art; but I own I am touched by the heroic firmness which he displayed at Waterloo. He sits there on horseback beneath an oak which that circumstance has immortalized; his *aides-de-camp*, his generals fall at his side; he is asked for orders, and has none to give but to die to the last man, if needs be, that the Prussians may have time to come up. And he is obeyed: his decimated lines close in, the (Imperial) guard is on the point of charging and annihilating that brave troop, when the Prussians appear at last, and change the fortune of the day. It was the Prussians who decided the day, but it was the English who held out till the Prussians arrived. Thus in reality the battle was gained by moral courage, by firmness of soul. This is an historical result which has its moral, and which I should like to see recognized by our historians with more frankness and better grace.

M. Scherer's article on Lacordaire's correspondence with Madame Swetchine is interesting for this reason: When the fiery and eloquent Dominican died, in 1861, M. Scherer wrote anything but a eulogistic notice of him for the *Temps*. In this notice he said, among other things to the same effect, "that it would be impossible to quote from all his oratorical works a single passage which, on being read now, could be called eloquent, a single sentence which still stirred something in our hearts." These sentiments naturally excited the anger and indignation of Lacordaire's friends; and in his sketch of the great preacher's life M. de Montalembert took occasion to exhale his wrath against the "arrogant contempt of unbelieving criticism," and to express his opinion that M. Scherer had not read what he had despised. We were anxious, therefore, to see how far subsequent thought and study had modified the latter's judgment, and whether he was still prepared to endorse the opinion he had emitted in 1861. The answer to these questions is, that M. Scherer is still unconvinced as regards the permanent intellectual value of the works which created such an extraordinary impression as they rang from the impassioned orator's lips through the aisles of Notre Dame. He does not now retract a single one of his expressions. But he does regret—as we were sure that so earnest a man would do—that he had dwelt so exclusively on Lacordaire's mental and literary shortcomings as to forget to pay the due tribute of admiration to Lacordaire's high character and noble love of all that was great and good. It is with much pleasure that we have read this article of M. Scherer.

And now a word respecting the mental stage which M. Scherer himself has reached.

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As we have already said, he has long passed beyond even the utmost bounds of Protestantism into a state of universal doubt. Amid the wreck of all his beliefs, the only divinity for which he seems to have retained any veneration is *La Critique*. But though a critic and a sceptic, M. Scherer is not a scoffer. There breathes in many passages of his works a devout spirit, which may easily coexist with disbelief in positive dogmas. And sometimes there seems to come across him a reminiscence of what he has lost, a yearning for rest somewhere, a feeling of the littleness and short-sightedness of man, that finds expression in such utterances as the following—utterances of striking beauty and singular pathos:—

Alas! blind pioneers, ever striving to overthrow the past, we are effecting a work of which we know nothing. We are yielding to a power of which we seem to be at times the victims as well as the instruments. The terrible dialectic, whose formulæ we are arranging, bruises and crushes ourselves as well as our adversaries. Doubtless the ideal which is thus being realized by unconscious means is the future advancement of society. We had need believe this. Woe to us if we ever doubt it! Yet when for a moment the strife ceases—when the thinker relapses into the man—when he looks behind him, and sees the ruins he has made, and listens to the groans he has drawn forth—oh, how rough and wild does his way appear—how gladly would he renounce the enjoyment of his conquest for one of the sweet flowers of piety and poetry still blooming on the path of the humble!

F. T. M.

HOLIDAY READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE Child's Own Book, Illustrated with nearly 300 Engravings. The Eleventh Edition. (William Tegg.)—To the eleventh edition of this popular collection of stories, culled from every available source, eleven tales have been added from the German. Mr. Tegg, who has edited the book, is an excellent caterer; and these tales will be read with pleasure by many children of a larger growth, should the volume fall in their way.

The Boy's Holiday Book. By the Rev. T. E. Fuller. Profusely Illustrated. (Tegg.)—A little manual of games and sports, outdoor recreations, and indoor pastimes, full of pictures, and forming a treasure-house for boys "home for the holidays."

The Boy Crusaders: A Story of the Days of St. Louis. By J. G. Edgar. With Illustrations by R. Dudley. (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.)—The late Mr. Edgar was just the historian whose writings were sure to please boys, and to find a response in that innate love of adventure and romance which wells up so forcibly in young life. All his books have also this merit, that, following his historical sources with sufficient accuracy, the facts impressed upon the memory by their perusal may be relied on. In the present instance he follows Joinville implicitly, and the charming simplicity of his original has lent an extra inspiration to his pen.

Cressy and Poitiers; or, the Story of the Black Prince's Page. By J. G. Edgar. With illustrations by Robert Dudley and Gustave Doré. (S. O. Beeton.)—Mr. Beeton adds an "IN MEMORIAM" tribute to his friend by way of preface to this handsome octavo volume, one of a series in which the most salient epochs of our national history are being illustrated. The romance of history has always great enchantment for young readers, and Mr. Edgar has not excluded from his pages, in making his selections, the gallantry, love, and adventure, which add so great a charm to those of his great authority, Froissart. The book is one that boys will be sure to covet, and is got up with considerable taste in every respect.

Oudendale: A Story of Schoolboy Life. By R. Hope Moncrieff. (Mackintosh.)—A simple story, intended for a class of readers who are fond of semi-religious tales, in which

the author says himself that "he has not wished to put forward the opinions and dogmas of any particular sect," but in which, nevertheless, the religious element greatly preponderates.

The Little Captain. A Tale of the Sea. By A. J. C. (Edinburgh: Johnstone & Co.)—Most boys like stories of peril and adventure at sea. The Little Captain is as pious as he is brave, and this tale of the sea belongs to the semi-religious school.

Share and Share Alike; or, the Grand Principle. By Mrs. Ellis. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)—Written chiefly for "Penny Readings," and to make people who attend them more satisfied with the inequality of our social circumstances with regard to riches and poverty. Mrs. Ellis writes with a purpose, and her little book is sure to become a favourite with the class for whom it is written.

Grace Alford; or the Way of Unselfishness. By C. M. Smith. (Masters.)—A prettily-written religious story against selfishness in its various forms.

Childhood in India; or, English Children in the East. A Narrative for the Young, founded on Fact. By the Wife of an Officer. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)—This tale claims to be, as far as it goes, a correct picture of Anglo-Indian life and habits. It is nicely got up, with appropriate illustrations.

Little Archie's Catechism. By Emily G. Nesbitt. (Hatchard & Co.)—Miss Nesbitt is already favourably known as an able teacher for the young by her "Stories about St. Paul," and here she illustrates the Catechism, which to little Archie, as to many other little children, "sounded all nonsense, with its long sentences and hard words," for want of some one to explain it to them. Miss Nesbitt's little book will prove serviceable to both children and their teachers.

Uncle Sam's Visit, a Tale for Children (Pitman), teaching that by proper submission to the will of Providence troubles themselves are turned to blessings.

Tales for the Children's Hour. (Edinburgh: Johnston, Hunter, & Co.)—These little religious tales are intended to be read in the hour "between the dark and the daylight," which Longfellow calls "The Children's Hour."

LARGE-TYPE BOOKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)—These volumes are beautifully got up, with illustrations by Harrison Weir and others. As a sample we have selected—1. *Little Facts for Little People*, very prettily illustrated with twelve engravings, one of which, "Our Baby," is quite a gem of its kind. These "Little Facts" are made the vehicle for religious teaching; indeed, that would seem to be the first object of the lady who has written most of the volumes which form the series. 2. *Great Things Done by Little People* has six illustrations, the book being divided into as many sections: "Little Heroes"; "Clever Little People"; "As Busy as Bees"; "Love"; "Missionary Children"; and "Little Martyrs," and amongst the latter is the story of Thomas Drowry, the boy-martyr in Queen Mary's time. 3. *Little Animals Described for Little People*, with eight engravings by Harrison Weir, answers in all respects so well to its title, that it cannot fail to be a welcome present to the little folks for whom it is written. 4. *True Stories for Little People: Grave and Gay*; by the Author of "Little Animals," is illustrated with ten engravings, one of which "Little Bessie," is "Our Baby" of "Little Facts," grown into a pretty child of five or six, and is most likely a real portrait, for an introductory note tells us that, with the exception of the names, the tale which it illustrates is a "true story." 5. *The Dove, and Other Stories of Old*, with eight illustrations by Harrison Weir, is a collection of tales about animals mentioned in the Bible, so as to interest children in those Scripture narratives in which these animals are prominently brought forward. 6. *The Little Fox; or, The Story of Sir F. L. M'Clintock's Arctic*

Expedition, written for the Young by S. T. C., Author of "Little Facts for Little People. This interesting narrative of the voyage in search of Sir John Franklin is put forth under the sanction of Sir F. L. M'Clintock and Lady Franklin, and contains some few incidents furnished by that lady, which are not to be found in the journal of the expedition. It is illustrated with four plates, and will be sure to be read with much pleasure by children who have seen the Franklin relics at the United Service Museum, or have been on board the "Little Fox" in Southampton Docks.

Talk with the Little Ones. By the Author of "Important Truths in Simple Verse," &c. (Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.)—One of Mr. Partridge's nicely got-up volumes of the "Children's Friend Series," with a coloured wrapper by Knight, a portrait of a little smiling girl with pussedressed up in baby's cap.

THE NORTH BRITISH.

The opening article in the current number of this review is a very elaborate one, but does not seem to us to be wholly satisfactory. Mr. Mill's recent work on Sir William Hamilton's philosophy is the theme of the article, and the writer, who is thoroughly versed in the writings both of Mill and Hamilton, endeavours to soften the weight of Mr. Mill's criticism. Yet he cannot deny that it is altogether undeserved. Hesitating, however, to concede too much to Mr. Mill, and unable to defend Sir W. Hamilton without reserve, he gives us the impression of holding less definite opinions than those which he probably entertains. The second article is on "Burlesque Poetry," and is a very readable one. Most notable are the quotations interspersed throughout it. From Prior's burlesque poem "Alma" the majority of these quotations are extracted. Perhaps the most noteworthy of all the articles is the third. It consists of a careful critique on Carlyle's history of Frederick the Great. The writer advances very strong arguments for concluding that Frederick is by no means the model sovereign Carlyle represents, and also that Carlyle, as a historian, is by no means so impartial and trustworthy as we should have anticipated. He is convicted of some important blunders in matters of fact, and of some omissions which are even more dishonouring than the most serious blunders. The reviewer very justly remarks that: "A curious similarity may be remarked between the weaknesses and faults which marred the character of Frederick, and the weaknesses and faults which marred the character of Richelieu. In both these great men there was the same love of small matters, and passion for minuteness of detail, which could not but be injurious to greater interests. In both there was the same love of literature, the same addiction to literary trifling. Both were penetrated with a profound scorn and distrust of their fellow-men; neither could resist a mocking humour which made enemies for the sake of a laugh; both derived enjoyment from humiliating and giving pain to others in the intercourse of social life." A sketch of the life and works of the late Sir Benjamin Brodie is given in the fourth article, and a capital notice of Mr. Russell's book on "The Salmon" in the fifth. The writer of it, who is evidently an experienced salmon-fisher, not only brings into a small compass the opinions enunciated by Mr. Russell, but also quotes some excellent and unpublished anecdotes of the feats of great sportsmen both with rod and rifle. The article is seasonable as well as good. The novels of Miss Braddon are analysed in the sixth article. In the concluding paragraph the reviewer's opinions respecting that lady are summed up. It is there said: "We should act unfairly if we left on our readers' minds the impression that we do not regard Miss Braddon as an authoress of originality and merit. In her own branch of literature we hold that she is without a living rival. The notoriety she has acquired is her due reward for having woven tales which are as fascinating to ill-regulated minds as police reports and divorce cases. Her achievements may not command our respect, but they are very notable, and almost unexampled. Others before her have written stories of blood and lust, of atrocious crimes and hardened criminals, and these have excited the interest of a very wide circle of readers. But the class that welcomed them was the lowest in the social scale, as well as in mental capacity. To Miss Braddon belongs the credit of having penned

* Extracted from the Article on Sismondi.

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"similar stories in easy and correct English, and published them in three volumes, in place of issuing them in penny numbers. She may boast, without fear of contradiction, of having temporarily succeeded in making the literature of the Kitchen the favourite reading of the Drawing-room." An elaborate and genial review of Mr. Campbell's remarkable work entitled "Frost and Fire" concludes a number of which it can truthfully be said that in it may be found something to please all who possess healthy tastes, and to benefit those whose tastes are either morbid or uncultivated.

Neue Essays über Kunst und Literatur. Von Hermann Grimm. (Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.)—Lord Bacon, who first introduced the word essay into our language, to indicate "brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously," calls "the word late, but the thing ancient;" and used *essay* in contradistinction to *treatise*, the latter requiring "time in the writer and leisure in the reader"—careful study in both—rather than fluency in the one, and a quick perception in the other. In modern European literature the essay has, since his time, gradually become the most popular form in which writers address themselves on any single topic to their readers, and the treatise, often the work of a lifetime, is but seldom intruded upon that leisure which Lord Bacon held to be essential for its perusal. The word was adopted by the French, soon after its introduction into English; but it was only about a year ago, as then noticed in THE READER, that it first appeared as a German word on the title-page of a translation of Sir Henry Holland's Essays. The German language has no synonym for the word, both *Versuch* and *Aufsatz*, the words sometimes used for the purpose, being rather synonymous with our Attempt and Treatise, than with "brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously." The Grimms, if any family of German philologists may exercise the privilege, would be entitled to engraft words from another language into their own; and whether or no Hermann Grimm has the authority of his late father, Wilhelm, or of his uncle, Jacob, amongst their posthumous notes for the introduction of Essay, by doing so he has enriched his mother-tongue by a most useful and hitherto unrepresented expression. The words *Neue Essays* will naturally, at first, rivet attention; the Anglicism must have time to wear down before it can be passed by. Of the contents of the volume, perhaps the most attractive, as being the most thoroughly German, is the last essay given, "Goethe in Italien." "Luther, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and others, who, if not so gifted, have justly been placed near to them," is the text of a most interesting lecture; delivered, we believe, as were several of the other essays in the collection, before the *Wissenschaftliche Verein*, which, during the winter months, is held at the Sing-Academie in Berlin. Next in interest we are inclined to place "Ralph Waldo Emerson," which originally appeared as introduction to a specimen of a translation of his works, but the publication of which, not being responded to, has been abandoned for the present, though hopefully alluded to as a thing of the future in the concluding words here added. On the "Varnhagen von Ense posthumous Humboldt Correspondence" there are two papers, in the first of which these words occur, expressive of the disgust felt by all right-minded readers at the publication: "Das Publicum verschlag die Blätter die ihm geboten wurden, und zwar ein Publicum aus allen Ständen." In the second, the question is raised "whether these letters and Varnhagen's journals were published with his consent," and the writer, who knew Varnhagen for many years, makes out a strong case to the contrary. "Dante und die letzten Kämpfe in Italien," is not quite in accordance with public opinion in this country as to the blessings of German rule in Italy; nor do we think with the writer that, should another Dante arise, he will consider "den herrschenden Einfluss der Deutschen auf sein Vaterland als eine heilsame Gabe des Himmels." The other essays, all of which relate to art, are distinguished by the same sound and healthy criticism which is so conspicuous in the author's "Life of Michael Angelo," reviewed in No. 110 of THE READER.

A Compendium of English and Scotch Law, Stating their Differences. With a Dictionary of Parallel Terms and Phrases. By James Paterson, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.)—The distinction between English and Scotch law, due originally to the fact that the founders of the former looked upon the Roman law with mistrust and

dislike, while the early Scotch lawyers drew from it most of their principles and much of their nomenclature, has grown more marked as the intercourse between the two nations has become more frequent and more intimate. At the present moment the two systems of jurisprudence, though under one common Legislature and a Supreme Court also to some extent common, are in numberless respects widely dissimilar, and in some still divergent. The language of each is to the members of the other an unintelligible jargon, and a man who is *utroque jure peritus* is rarely encountered. The inconveniences resulting from this state of affairs are, when the nature of the commercial relations between England and Scotland is taken into account, as obvious as they are grave; and the question of the assimilation of the laws of the two countries is hedged in with every difficulty that prejudice or pseudo-patriotism can beget. The work of Mr. Paterson is intended to meet the difficulties which lawyers, English and Scotch, experience in the conduct of cases wherein the law of both countries requires to be ascertained. He has by a process of exhaustion reduced his work to the smallest dimensions consistent with completeness and perspicuity. He has treated as superfluous, and eliminated, all cases in which the state of the law is identical under both systems, and has given those only in which there is a difference. To meet the case where the law being the same the phraseology is distinct, he has included in his work a dictionary of parallel terms which is praiseworthy clear and complete. The English law forms the text of the volume, and the Scotch appears on the same page in the shape of foot-notes. The utility of a work of this description is apparent to every lawyer, and for the manner in which he has discharged his task Mr. Paterson is entitled to high praise. His volume, which has already reached a second edition, is admirable in its arrangement, and as clear and intelligible as a work of its class can be rendered. The chapters to which the non-professional reader will most readily turn are those on the law of marriage, and nowhere is the merit of the system adopted by Mr. Paterson rendered more plain than in the pages devoted to this important subject. In them the nature of the grave differences which it is known exist between the laws of the two countries on this point is rendered perfectly simple and intelligible. The changes in the law effected by recent statutes have all been incorporated in the present edition, in which also the parts treating on private international law and on those laws which more directly affect the rights of the public have been considerably enlarged.

A Treatise on the Practice of Conveyancing. By William Whittaker Barry, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister at Law. (London: Butterworths, 7, Fleet-street.)—In a modest preface to the present volume, Mr. Barry states, as his object in its publication, the desire to supply an introduction to the practice of conveyancing, such as the works of Watkins, Burton, Joshua Williams, and Josiah W. Smith already furnish to its principles. In this effort he has been successful, and his volume constitutes an important addition to those few books of practical utility which the working barrister keeps immediately at hand. The present treatise is clear and systematic in arrangement, comprehensive in scope, and complete and trustworthy in information. It originally appeared in the pages of a well-known legal periodical, and is now, with additions, reprinted in a separate and more convenient as well as more permanent shape. The added matter consists of analyses and summaries of the acts known as the Land Registry Act, 25 and 26 Vict., c. 53, and the Act for Obtaining a Declaration of Title, 25 and 26 Vict., c. 67. The one defect we are able to point out in Mr. Barry's work is, that the English in which it is written is at times slovenly, and even ungrammatical.

Love: A Selection from the Best Poets. By Thomas Shorter. (London: F. Pitman.)—A selection from the entire range of English poetry of all such passages as refer to love is an ambitious undertaking, in which Mr. Shorter has been but partially successful. Much of the best love poetry of Wither, Marvel, and many of our glorious old poets, is untouched, while that of others, as Chaucer, Sidney, Marlowe, is very imperfectly represented. Still, a volume of readable, and on the whole fairly-chosen extracts, is provided. Among the poets laid under contribution are, in modern days, the Laureate and the Brownings, and in earlier times, Drayton, Daniel

Donne, D'Avenant, Sylvester, Suckling, Chapman, and a host of others.

The Poetical Works of Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury. Fourth Edition. Containing many Pieces now First Collected. (Alexander Strahan, 148, Strand, London.)—The fact that three editions of Dean Alford's verses have already been disposed of, and that a fourth is called for, affords proof how large is the class with whom a gentle strain of semi-religious reflection, if metrical in shape, will stand in place of, or be accepted for, poetry.

The following stanzas may be accepted as representative of what is at once best and feeblest in Dean Alford's verse; the term worst is one we can scarcely employ:—

FEBRUARY 3, 1830.

The Morning arose,
She was pillow'd on snows,
And kerchief'd in wind and storm;
And she dallied with night
Till Hyperion's light
Had struggled abroad thro' her form.

The Noon came forth
On the breeze of the north,
All silent and bleak and chill;
And he watch'd the streak
Of the Spring's young cheek
As she peep'd o'er the western hill.

Then Evening's eye
Look'd out from the sky
On the mirror of Ocean's wave;
Like an island of light
Whose margin bright
Heaven's ripples of emerald lave.

We have chosen this piece for extract mainly on account of its shortness. Will any of Dean Alford's admirers point out to us what beauty in it was so striking as to justify its publication.

An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time. By John Earl Russell. (Longman, Green, & Co.)—Time has dealt hardly by Earl Russell. Like some veteran wag, whose anecdotes, the delight of a former generation, are found wearisome by the present, and who has seen the laugh transferred from the story to the teller, Earl Russell has, deservedly or not, outlived his reputation. The present age is overburdened neither with faith nor reverence, and in him, to whom all sections of Liberals looked as a sagacious and practical, if not profound, politician—whom the head of the first really Liberal Government this country has ever seen chose to frame his Reform Bill, and whom timid Conservatives looked upon as the most dangerous of demagogues, not even sure that veiled references to his coming might not be found in Daniel or the Apocalypse—it sees only an erratic, crotchety, and impracticable meddler in politics, whom the present premier has shuffled into a peerage principally as a means of, as far as he was able, getting rid of him. Yet, whatever the mistakes of Earl Russell's later career, there are few men now alive to whom England owes more; and he is no unworthy transmitter of one of the noblest names the country can boast. He has shown many a time that he can think soundly and act spiritedly; and a history of the Reform Bill from him who framed the measure will live on the shelves of the studios as long as English law or English history is a subject of thought. We are glad, then, that Earl Russell has published a cheaper edition of a work that all should read, and that has much to recommend it. Dogmatic at times in tone, and a little behind the age in some of the more important chapters, his work is yet, apart from the interest which the position of its author confers upon it, a really valuable compendium of the history of our Constitution, and a clever and tersely-written essay upon the past of representative government in these isles. Many wise reflections are epigrammatically conveyed; for instance, apropos of the praise lavished by Lord Bacon on the Star Chamber, Earl Russell writes: "But long civil war induces a people to surrender liberty for peace, as long peace induces them to encounter even civil war for liberty." The historical chapters in the volume are all good, and some of the reflections—those, for instance, on the uses of a second chamber—are very sensible. It is only in the chapters in which Earl Russell expresses his views with regard to the present and the future that he is weak. The schemes by which he would obtain the representation of minorities are the same the inadequate nature of which has

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already been once and again pointed out; and to the broader question of reform in general Earl Russell applies only those feeble measures he has before recommended, and these we honestly believe are, while giving satisfaction to none, the most essentially dangerous of all that are at present advocated.

Ugolino and other Poems. By Sybil, Author of "Hope Deferred," &c. (London: T. Cautley Newby, 1865.)—There are two ways apparently of treating the critic, coaxing or threatening him. Sybil tries the latter, and places, as preface to the present volume, an extract from the works of Sir William Temple, to the effect that those who despise poetry will do well, for the sake of their reputation, to keep their own counsel. We entirely agree with the opinions expressed in the extract, but regret that our author cannot benefit thereby. The contents of the present volume are, unfortunately, not poetry at all, but the most commonplace verse, but one degree removed from doggerel. There is not one man in ten of ordinary education who could not, with a little practice, produce similar verses *ad libitum*, and (very speedily), as far as the reader is concerned, *ad nauseam*; but no man with any regard for his own reputation, or with any appreciation of real poetry, would allow them to go forth to the world.

The Conscript: a Tale of the French War of 1813. Translated from the French of M. Erckmann Chatrain. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—The words a war idyll imply something like a contradiction in terms, yet no others with which we are acquainted will so well describe this remarkable and most fascinating work. No modern prose fictions have achieved a success more remarkable or more creditable than that which has waited on the two consecutive novels of M. Erckmann Chatrain, "Le Conscrit" and "Waterloo." "The Conscript" is the earlier work of the two, and should the present edition attain the popularity it merits, the second and equally beautiful story will also be translated. The translation is excellently executed.

Songs and Poems. By James Netherby. (London: Ward & Lock.)—Mr. Netherby, like George Wither, sings of the joy and consolation that the poet finds in his own verse; but George Wither, addressing poetry as the "best earthly bliss," or singing to it—

Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee—

is an altogether different being from Mr. Netherby, apostrophizing his "loved lyre," and twining round it his heart's affections, till, in his own words—

My last
Faint sigh expires along with thine.

We are not naturally cruel; we would not cry out of Mr. Netherby, as the Romans did of Cinna, "Tear him for his bad verses;" but if Mr. Netherby's life, and that of his muse, were, as the above verse implies, wrapt up in each other, we could not very heartily wish "long life to him." We advise him to quit the composition of sickly strains like those of this present volume for some more manly and invigorating occupation, that shall fortify his mind to do without the comfort that he alone, among created beings, has derived, and is likely to derive, from his own verse.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

- Acrostics in Prose and Verse.* A Sequel to "Double Acrostics, by various Authors." Edited by A. E. H. 2nd Edition, revised and improved. 18mo, pp. iv.—233. *Bosworth*. 2s. 6d.
- AINSWORTH (W. H.).* Jack Sheppard. A Romance. New Edition. 12mo, sd., pp. 314. *Routledge*. 1s.
- ANDREW RABBITT of Errol.* By the Author of "John Arnold," &c. 3 Vols. Post 8vo, cloth, pp. 919. *Hurst & Blackett*. 31s. 6d.
- ANSTED (David/Thomas, M.A., F.R.S.)* and Latham (Robert Gordon, M.A., M.D.). Channel Islands. With Illustrations. 2nd Edition. 8vo, pp. xxviii.—594. *W. H. Allen*. 10s.
- ARTHUR (T. S.).* Nothing but Money. A Novel. 12mo, sd., pp. 318. *Routledge*. 1s.
- CARPENTER.* Penny Readings in Prose and Verse. Selected and edited by J. E. Carpenter. Fesp. 8vo, bds., pp. 252. *W. H. Allen*. 1s.
- CARRACIOLO (Henrietta).* Princess of Forino, Ex-Benedictine Nun. Memoirs of. From the Original Italian, under the sanction of the Princess. 4th Edition. 12mo, bds., pp. iv.—176. *Beutley*. 2s.
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- CHALK (Georgiana M.).* Winifred's Wooing. (Monthly Volume of Standard Authors.) Fesp. 8vo, sd., pp. 240. *Smith & Elder*. 1s.
- DAVENPORT.* A Biography of the Brothers Davenport; with some Account of the Physical and Psychological Phenomena which have occurred in their presence, in America and Europe. By T. L. Nichols, M.D. 2nd Edition. 8vo, bds., pp. viii.—300. (National Library.) *Saunders & Otley*. 1s. 6d.

- DICKENS (Charles).* Dombey and Son. People's Edition. In 2 Vols. Vol. I. Post 8vo, bds., pp. 252. *Chapman & Hall*. 2s.
- DUTCHMAN (A.)* Difficulties with the English Language. Fesp. 8vo, sd., pp. 30. *Strahan*. 6d.
- EAST Double Acrostics.* Edited by A. H. 18mo, cl. 1p., pp. 80. *Bosworth*. 1s. 6d.
- EDGAR (J. G.).* Cavaliers and Roundheads. New Edition. Fesp. 8vo. *Routledge*. 3s. 6d.
- EDWARDS (Amelia B.).* Hand and Glove. A Novel. New Edition. Post 8vo, pp. 421. *J. Maxwell*. 6s.
- ESKELL (A.).* Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us. Fesp. 8vo, sd., pp. 73. *Clements*. 6d.
- FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW (The).* Edited by G. H. Lewes. Vol. I. Sup. roy. 8vo. *Chapman & Hall*. 12s.
- FRANK Warrington.* By the Author of "Rutledge," &c., &c. (Companion Library.) Fesp. 8vo, sd., pp. 360. *W. H. Allen*. 1s.
- FRY (Danby P.).* Vaccination Acts: With Introduction, Notes, Cases, Instructional Circulars and Index. 2nd Edition. 12mo, pp. 84. *C. Knight & Co.* 1s. 6d.
- FULLER (Rev. T. E.).* Boy's Holiday Book. Profusely Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 544. *Tegg*. 4s. 6d.
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- Lost Purposes.* By J. M. H. Fesp. 8vo, pp. iii.—133. *Bosworth*. 3s. 6d.
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- POE (Edgar A.).* Poetical Works. Edited by James Hannay. New Edition. Fesp. 8vo. *Griffin*. 3s. 6d.
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OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER.

ENGLAND mourns the loss of one of her greatest botanists, a man who by the labours of his life has made Kew one of the centres of the scientific study he loved so well, and the envy of all the capitals of Europe. It happens but rarely to one man to play such an important part in the encouragement of a branch of research as that undertaken by Sir William Hooker, and whether we look upon those eleven acres of garden, now expanded into 270, with museums, conservatories, libraries, herbaria, hothouses, fern-houses, and ten thousand of the most precious trees—

—All of beauty, all of use,
Which one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,

we must acknowledge that it is rarer still that a man is found who does his work so well.

But even this is not all. Kew under his care has become a central influence which has gradually shown itself in the formation of similar establishments in our colonies, a breathing of new life into others, and the dissemination and intercommunication of things botanical over the civilized world.

William Jackson Hooker was born at Norwich, on the 6th of July, 1785, and was educated at the High School in that town, under the tuition of the celebrated Rev. Dr. Foster. Having inherited landed property from his godfather, Mr. William Jackson, he determined to devote his life to travelling and to scientific pursuits. A keen sportsman, he soon formed a fine collection of the birds of Norfolk, which was rendered more valuable by many close observations on their habits; and the friendship of Messrs. Kirby and Spence and Alexander Macleay, the then Secretary of the Linnean Society, induced him to devote much time to entomology. The discovery of the *Buxbaumia aphylla*, one of the most curious and rare of British mosses, which he took to Sir James Smith, the most eminent botanist of the day, encouraged him to commence the study of that science, which afterwards became the main pursuit of his life. He early made extensive botanical tours in the wildest parts of Scotland (including the Orkneys, Hebrides, &c.).

In 1809, encouraged by Sir Joseph Banks, he visited Iceland, which he extensively explored, making large collections in all branches of natural history; these, however, with all his notes and drawings, were lost on his way home, the ship in which he was returning, which was bringing Danish prisoners to England, being burnt. His escape, an almost miraculous one, will be found described in his "Recollections of Iceland," which soon reached a second edition.

In 1810-11 he made extensive preparations for accompanying Sir Robert Brownrigg, the Governor of Ceylon; for this purpose he sold his estates, the proceeds of which were invested in securities, unfortunately ill-chosen. The zeal with which he carried on his preparations may be exemplified by the fact that he made pen and ink copies of the plates and descriptions of the entire MS. series of Roxburgh's Indian plants. His journey, however, was prevented by disturbances in the island from being carried out.

In 1814 he explored parts of France, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. In the course of his exploration he became acquainted with the principal botanists of Europe; thus laying the foundation of that intercourse and correspondence which lasted until his death. In 1815 he married the daughter of Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, a well-known botanist, and settled at Halesworth, in Suffolk. He commenced here his now magnificent herbarium, and a long series of valuable botanical works, which, to the number of upwards of fifty, have appeared at short intervals up to the present time.

His first work was devoted to the British Jungermanniæ; this was completed in 1816. The drawings for this magnificent contribution to botanical literature were prepared by Sir William himself. The "Muscologia Britannica" was published in conjunction with Dr. Taylor, in 1817, and was followed by the "Musci Exotici."

In 1820 he accepted the Regius Professorship of Botany in Glasgow, at which place the next twenty years of his life were passed. Here his popularity as a lecturer, his admirable method of training his students, and his genial and attractive manners, soon made his house a rendezvous for all scientific men who visited Scotland—we might almost say England. Gradually his correspondence and his herbarium alike increased; the latter receiving large contributions

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from his numerous pupils, who, in foreign countries, remembered with gratitude the teacher who had placed science before them in so attractive a form.

During his residence at Glasgow he published his "Flora Scotica," in which the plants of a great part of the British Isles were for the first time arranged according to the natural method; the "Flora Exotica," and (in conjunction with Dr. Greville) the "Icones Filicum;" also the "Botanical Miscellany," the "Journal of Botany," the "Icones Plantarum," the "British Flora," the "Botany of Ross, Parry's, Franklin's, Back's, and other Arctic Expeditions;" the "Flora Boreali-Americana," and (in conjunction with Dr. Arnott) the "Botany of Beechey's Voyage," and various other works of standard authority. In 1826 he commenced the authorship of *The Botanical Magazine*, which he carried on for nearly 40 years. His herbarium in the meantime was rapidly becoming the finest in Europe, mainly owing to the indefatigable correspondence he kept up with all parts of the world, and to the number of trained Scotch medical students who, when seeking their fortunes in foreign countries, continued to send him plants, even up to the day of his death. While he held the chair at Glasgow, the number of his students increased from 21 to upwards of 100.

In 1836 he was knighted by William the Fourth, in acknowledgment of his distinguished services to science; and in 1841 he received his appointment at Kew.

We need not say how admirably his duties in this new post, which he had long ambitioned, have been performed, or how, under his guardianship, the gardens since their transfer to the public have become a standard establishment. At the time of his appointment the salary was 200*l.* a-year, with an additional 200*l.* for a house sufficient for his wants, his herbarium alone requiring no fewer than twelve ordinary-sized rooms for its accommodation. This was afterwards increased to 800*l.* a-year, with an official house in the gardens, and accommodation for his herbarium in the residence of the late King of Hanover, where it forms the principal part of the great Herbarium.

Sir Wm. Hooker died at Kew, on the 12th of August, having just completed his eightieth year. He leaves behind him Lady Hooker, who was the partner of his multifarious work, and an only son, Dr. Hooker, who is the present Assistant-Director.

The death of the Ven. Richard Charles Coxe, vicar of Eglingham, and Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, took place at Eglingham Vicarage on Friday week. Mr. Coxe was born about the year 1799, and educated at Worcester College, Oxford, of which he became Fellow. He has obtained a full share of honours and promotion, and was, successively, honorary canon of Durham, chaplain of Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, London; vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne, select preacher before the University of Oxford, vicar of Eglingham, and Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, to which latter preferments he was appointed by the present Archbishop of Canterbury when Bishop of Durham and canon residentiary of Durham. He was the author of several theological works, including "Lectures on the Evidence of Miracles," in 1832; "Lent Lectures," in 1836; "Advent Lectures," in 1845; and during his residence in Newcastle, where he was most popular, "Church Subjects," in 1851. He also published a volume of poems in 1845, and "Wood Notes and Musings," in 1848, and latterly a course of sermons on the "Sin of Schism," and also a metrical version of the "Silvulidia" of Casimir Sarbierius. In 1853, on the occasion of the promotion of Archdeacon Bland to the Archdeaconry of Northumberland, the Archdeaconry of Lindisfarne was conferred on Mr. Coxe.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Chandler Haliburton, long a judge in Nova Scotia, on Sunday, at his residence, Gordon House, Isleworth. This well-known author was born in British North America, and at the time of his decease was sixty-eight years of age. He was best known by his literary name of "Sam Slick," by which he achieved great reputation. In 1835 he furnished to a weekly paper at Halifax a series of clever humorous letters, in which the portraiture of American manners formed an inexhaustible subject. In 1837 these were republished at New York, under the title of "The Clockmaker." The book is a satirical history, full of broad humour, lively sallies, and laughable sketches. The hero, Sam Slick, is a thoroughbred Yankee,

bold, cunning, and, above all, a merchant—in short, a sort of Republican Panurge. A Second Series of "The Clockmaker" appeared in 1838, and the Third Series in 1840. In 1842, Mr. Haliburton visited England as an *attaché* of the American Legation, and on his return to America, in the following year, he published his amusing observations on English society, under the title of "The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England," in two volumes, to which he added a second series, also in two volumes, in 1844. Mr. Haliburton commenced author as early as 1828, when his "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia" appeared in two volumes octavo. This was republished in 1839, after "The Clockmaker" had established his fame, in which year he also threw off "Bubbles of Canada," "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony," and "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western;" but it is to "The Clockmaker" and "The Attaché" that he will owe his future position in the ranks of English literature. Of his more recent works, "Nature and Human Nature," published in 1855, has passed through several editions, "Rule and Misrule of the English in America," in two volumes, appeared in 1851; and "Yankee Stories," and "Traits of American Humour," the latter in three volumes, in 1852. The Attaché, unlike Nathaniel Hawthorne, during his stay amongst us had learnt to love the "Old Country." When he gave up his judgeship in Nova Scotia, he crossed the Atlantic, permanently settled in England, and was elected member for Launceston in the Conservative interest. Though a constant attendant in the House, his voice, naturally weak and feeble, prevented him from taking any prominent part in the debates. His declining health led to his retirement into private life at the close of the last Parliament. Sterne, Wilson, Dickens, "George Eliot," and Haliburton, are our chief writers of rhapsodical discourses, and each has had the singular felicity of preserving a marked individuality.

The Rev. Samuel Rickards, Vicar of Stowlangtoft, Suffolk, whose death has just been announced, was a distinguished member of Oriel College, Oxford. He was a very intimate friend of Mr. Keble's, and to him, it is said, Mr. Keble entrusted a duplicate copy of the MS. of the "Christian Year." Mr. Keble's copy was lost in Wales, and to Mr. Rickards the world is indebted for a work which has passed through thirty editions, and is as familiar to American as to English readers. Mr. Rickards graduated in second class honours in classics in 1817, and was elected Fellow of Oriel. In 1815 he had obtained the Newdegate (English) verse prize for "The Temple of Theseus," and in 1819 he won the English essay prize for "The Characteristic Differences of Greek and Latin Poetry." He published "Short Sermons for Family Reading," which has obtained great popularity, as a companion to his "Christian Householder," a book of family prayer. Besides these he also wrote other books of a kindred nature and some volumes of sacred poetry.

MISCELLANEA.

The Index, which commenced in May, 1862, as a weekly organ in London of the Confederate States, has finally ceased to appear. During the progress of the contest *The Index* was a kind of authority in Europe on the affairs of the Richmond Government; and it numbered among its contributors many writers of eminence, both English and American.

A SOCIETY of Paris booksellers is shortly to be formed for the purpose of establishing in the French capital a book fair similar to that of Leipsic.

NOTORIOUSLY the inequality of punishments renders a criminal trial, to a certain extent, a game of chance. Where he is tried, and by whom, and whether early or late in the session, all these points make a grand difference to the prisoner; he knows it and his counsel knows it too. Of course, a good deal ought to be left to judges: if you have your best men on the Bench, you are not treating them fairly unless you show that you can put confidence in them. The attempt to assign to every possible form of guilt a fixed penalty, and to bind the judge to enforce this, would be far more hopeless than the Chinese alphabet—a man would be all his life learning not principles but cases. The statutes at large are voluminous enough as it is; but, fancy—or, rather, who can fancy?—how many volumes it would take to turn our judges into mere machines by classifying all the combinations of

crime, each with its own punishment. Still, judges must take care. It is puzzling to find Elizabeth Searle getting, last session, five years' penal servitude for the very thing for which Sergeant Dowling, the other day, gave Sarah and Frances Bowzer one year and six months respectively; commenting at the same time most severely on their conduct—the mother had been inciting a poor half-witted girl to rob her father, and had put the money into the savings' bank in her daughter's name—and regretting that he could not condemn them to penal servitude. If this is the law, we can only say that Elizabeth Searle got very hard lines indeed.

EVEN *The Church Review*, which in blatant uncharitableness is fast getting a-head even of *The Record*, does sometimes say a sensible thing. Witness its comment on the account of the inauguration of Prince Albert's statue at Tenby. By way of parody on the whole description, *The Review* supposes that "at a given signal from the Pope, Brother Ignatius, or some one *hujus generis*, the statue of St. — was uncovered, and a hymn in his honour rose from the assembled choir; the censers sent up clouds of perfume (instead of the cannon-smoke which enveloped the Prince's statue); the Pope (or other personage, as above) stood for a few moments contemplating the statue (as did Prince Arthur at Tenby), and silently praying for grace to imitate the saint, &c., &c." How *The Record* would scoff, and talk of idolatry, profanity, theatrical performances, &c., and how all Evangelicals would be scandalized at such honours being paid to a lifeless image; though in the Prince Consort's case they are quick enough to discern that the honours are not paid to the image, but to the memory of the man. Why, (asks *The Church Review*, sensibly enough,) if the customary secular honours are paid to the image of a secular potentate, may not the recognised ecclesiastical honours be paid to the figure of one venerated by the Church? There is a little hitch in the word *recognized*; but that is a trifle: we are rejoiced to find in *The Review* any approximation to common sense, and are only sorry that it occurs, not in the editorial matter, but in the letter of a correspondent.

AT a recent meeting of the East Lothian Farmers' Club, there was a good deal of talk about pledging candidates to vote for the reduction and ultimate repeal of the Malt Tax. A Mr. Skirving drew a picture, very amusing, no doubt, to Scotchmen, of "a stupid, lazy English labourer, with pot-belly and no calves," all whose physical and intellectual shortcomings he attributed to the use of malt liquor. *The Scottish Farmer* comments on this in the most amusingly Scottish manner. While it impugns Mr. Skirving's condemnation of beer, it takes for granted that his description of our labourers is a fair one. "Physical constitution and early training cause the difference, not food or drink. These big-bellied, uncultured Englishmen would never have become shapely and supple and intelligent upon porridge and milk; and there need be no fear that our handsome and clever Scotch labourers would get aldermanic in stomach and shrunken in limb from having a keg of home-brewed in the cellar." It is clear that the North Britons see *Punch*, and form from him their estimate of the British labourer as he is. Let them look at *Punch's* Scotchmen; and remember there is the same chance of his being exact in the one case as in the other. Of Scottish "handsomeness" we say nothing—people's notions about beauty, manly or womanly, do differ so widely; but may not the cleverness be due in part at least to the whiskey? We have heard it credibly maintained that nations are intellectually active in the inverse ratio of their sobriety. The Portuguese are the most backward because they drink least; the Scotch the most go-a-head, because they drink stronger stuff and more of it than anybody else in the world, except, indeed, it is the blackamoors, to whom Bristol skippers carry out in the same ship Bibles and peppered brandy. Would it not be wiser, instead of repealing the Malt Tax, to put a stop to such ill-advised attempts to hinder the progress of national mind as the Forbes-Mackenzie Act for, instance?

THE Builder has some curious notes about the wonderful American machines for economizing labour, in use not only in the yards of large contractors, but in every little village carpenter's shop. The moment the architect has given in his plans the contractor sets to work to see if he cannot by some new combination contrive to do some new portion of the work by machinery. Houses, however, are much better built in America than with us—double floors are uni-

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versal—the under floor is of rough hemlock planks, the real floor, of narrow pine strips, is always laid on last, after all the plasterer's dirt is cleared away. The walls and ceilings are "hard finished," almost up to the standard of the chunam in an Indian bungalow. Very generally the walls are left bare for a year or so, and by that time are beautifully hard and polished. Well finished doors, cedar closets (invaluable against moths), hot and cold water always up to the house top, numerous bathrooms—such as a few of the *sine quâ non*s in a New York house. The plate-sawing machine, called a "jumping Johnny," for cutting out outline work, a planing machine, and one for moulding, supplied with knives made to cut any pattern the working drawings require, are some of the appliances in daily use. Many of us have a notion that American work is sure to be "scamped," and that in all things do they show a culpable disregard of human life. The reverse would seem to be the case. Their scaffolding, for instance, is so thorough and well-laid, that a lady can get about (they often do) from floor to floor with safety and comfort. It is wonderful enough to see all the inside wood-work of a Gothic church, built by an English architect, turned out by machinery, without any of the stiffness which we should imagine inevitable—edges chamfered and "stopped" with considerable variety of outline. In this case we are told the carpenter "invented" a new machine or two, and the result is truthful and satisfactory, though we do not know what a mediævalist would say to it. More wonderful still is the machine at Washington for turning huge stones into shafts for columns. The Americans have some secret for tempering tools to make them retain their cutting edge—heating them dull red and then allowing them to cool in a bath of quicksilver, says *The Builder*—which gives them a great advantage over us both in wood and stone work.

How things come round in cycles, or rather, let us hope, in a perpetually advancing spiral! Staples Inn and Furnival's Inn remain as evidence that the Adelphi Chambers are not a modern invention—that, of old, others besides lawyers adopted the *quasi*-collegiate style of life so pleasant for bachelors. When we look over a really old mansion, say Haddon Hall, we feel that, what with the dining in public, and the natural eagerness to escape the horrid little dens of sleeping-chambers and "bowers," there must have been much less family life in big houses then than there is now. And, as for middlinghouses in towns, we know that they very generally had to take in two, or even three families. In Grosvenor Gardens, between the bottom of Grosvenor Place and the Victoria Station, a move is being made somewhat in the mediæval direction. We are to have *maisons meublées*, erected by a company limited, and supplied on the ground floor with a restaurant, who is bound to provide for the wants of the lodgers. The rooms are to be let off in suites, and there will be several entrances direct from the street. If a family takes rooms enough, it will have the sole use of one of these, escaping thereby the surveillance of the *concierge*, and the discomforts of a public staircase. Such a staircase is excellent in "Bohème." Adolphe meets Fifine upon it as she is trying to light her candle at the common lamp, and hence begins a very practical novel, somewhat in the Paul Féval style. On the whole, we look on Messrs. Trollope's plan as bringing us back to something like the mediæval practice, which has never died out in Paris and Edinburgh, and elsewhere. It will be a great blessing to those who come to town for a few months, and have now either to begin housekeeping in a strange place, or to "live in lodgings," or to submit to the high charges of hotel-keepers. It will be a boon to the general public; for hotel-keepers will have one reason more for lowering their prices, and lodging-housekeepers will probably find it to their interest to be less openly rapacious. "Mamma," too, will have unlimited time for shopping, seeing that there will be no dinner to order, and no cook to look after. The hitch at present is, that these model "insulæ" are to some extent eleemosynary, for they never pay more than five per cent., while builders look to get ten at least. If Grosvenor Gardens are found to pay, we may in time have everybody anxious to live in chambers; and then, in a generation or two it will be worth while to pull down about half the wretched tenements which have been "run up" in most of our poorer suburbs, and to turn the sites into drilling-grounds, and public play-grounds, and "people's parks" for the babies who now roll in the gutters amid dust, and oyster-shells, and rubbish. We wish success,

not for "Mamma's" sake only, to the Grosvenor Gardens Company.

"COMPANIES—limited" now do the work of "sleeping partners," and of lawyers who have money in their hands to "put out to use." In the old days, Mr. Skidmore, of Coventry, finding orders come in too fast for his present capital to meet them, would have tried to get a moneyed man or two into the firm, or else he would have borrowed at the lowest per-centage possible. In either case he would have been troubled with a good deal of personal worry about mortgage securities, and what not, to the certain derangement for the time of his artistic plans. Now he only has to signify his wish, and straightway the "Art Manufactures and Constructive Iron Company" springs up, with directors, solicitors, bankers, and the rest; Mr. Skidmore, as managing director, having nothing but the art department to attend to. It is a comfortable way of increasing a business; and, as 200,000*l.* worth of orders are said to have been lately declined for want of capital, the business seems a promising one. By-and-bye, among the skeleton spider-web work which astonishes without delighting us in so many railway-station roofs, we may have ornament introduced, cheap, strong, and appropriate. At present we have only to look at our principal termini to see that our productive power has far outrun our creative taste.

REFERRING to the central position of the British Museum, mentioned by "H. C." in his letter to THE READER a week or two back, a correspondent sends us the following: "If a circle of 2½ miles radius be described, with the entrance-gates of the Museum as a centre, it will pass through the following important terminal railway-stations—viz., Bishopsgate Street, Fenchurch Street, London Bridge, and Paddington. A ring of 550 yards width, whose centre is the British Museum, and having an internal radius of three-quarters of a mile, will include the railway stations at Euston Square, King's Cross, the proposed Midland Terminus in Euston Road, Charing Cross, Farringdon Street, and Ludgate Hill. So far then as the railway stations are concerned, it would be difficult to find a more central position for the national collections."

MESSRS. LONGMAN and Co. announce the following new works for publication in September and October: In September—The Iliad of Homer, Translated into English Hexameter Verse; by J. H. Dart, M.A., Author of "The Exile of St. Helena, Newdigate, 1838;" this day;—On the Truth of Christianity, Compiled from the Writings of Archbishop Whately; Introduction by R. Barclay, and edited by Bishop Hinds;—Iron Ship-building, its History and Progress; by William Fairbairn, C.E.;—The Formation, Management in Health and Disease, and Training of the Thoroughbred Horse; by Digby Collins;—The Treasury of Botany, on the Plan of Maunder's Popular Treasuries; by J. Lindley, F.R.S., and T. Moore, F.L.S., assisted by eminent Practical Botanists;—Manual of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, abridged from Dr. Pereira's "Elements;" by F. J. Farre, M.D., assisted by R. Bentley, M.R.C.S., and R. Warrington, F.R.S.;—Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry; edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Lady Theresa Lewis. In October—The Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the Year; the Text Selected by R. Pigot; with many Hundred Woodcut Illustrations from Original Designs by John Leighton, F.S.A.;—Transylvania, its Products and its People; by Charles Boner;—The Amulet: a Tale of Spanish California; reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*;—The Iliad of Homer, Translated into English Blank Verse, by Ichabod C. Wright, M.A. Part IV., also Vol. II., and the work complete in 2 vols.;—The Temporal Mission of the Holy Spirit; or, Reason and Revelation; by the Right Rev. H. E. Manning, D.D., 8vo;—Occasional Essays; by Charles Wren Hoskyns, Author of "Talpa";—Chapters on Language; by F. W. Farrar, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge;—Mozart's Letters; edited by Dr. Nohl, and translated by Lady Wallace;—Chess Problems; by F. Healey; being a Selection of Two Hundred of Mr. Healey's Best Positions, with the Solutions;—History of England during the Reign of George III.; by William Massey, M.P.; Cabinet Edition, to be published monthly, and completed in 4 vols. post 8vo.;—Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals; by Richard Owen, F.R.S.; Dictionary of Practical Medicine; by James Copeland, M.D.; abridged from the larger work of the author, assisted by J. C. Copeland, M.R.C.S.;—Tea: a Poem; by Charles Barwell Coles;—Drawing from Nature;

by George Barnard, Professor of Drawing at Rugby School.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, and Co. have nearly ready "Life and Letters of the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., of Brighton," with photographic portrait, two vols.; "Irish Coast Tales of Love and Adventure," by Captain L. Esmonde White, 8vo; and "The Working Man in America, being the Results of Three Years' Experience of Life and Labour among the Working Classes of the United States during the War," by the Author of "Autobiography of a Beggar Boy." They also announce a new edition of Wilkie Collins's novels, in half-crown volumes, to be issued at intervals, of which "The Woman in White" is now ready. Cheap illustrated editions of George Eliot's "Romola," and Hawthorne's "Transformation; or, the Romance of Monte Beni," are just ready, and the forthcoming volumes of their shilling series are to be "The School for Fathers, an Old English Story," by Talbot Gwynne; "Lena; or, The Silent Woman," by the Author of "Beyminstre;" "Entanglements," by the Author of "Mr. Arle," "Caste," &c.; "Beyminstre;" and "Paul Ferroll."

MESSRS. RIVINGTONS announce "An Ecclesiastical Year-book; or, Annual Record of Events Relating to the Church," the first volume of which will contain the history of the present year, and will be published soon after its close;—"The Annotated Book of Common Prayer, Containing the Text of the Sealed Book, with the Originals of all Translated Portions; Marginal References; Historical, Ritual, and Expository Notes; and Short Illustrative Essays;" by several writers; edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt, Author of "Directorium Pastorale;"—"Post Mediæval Preachers;" Some Account of the Most Celebrated Preachers of the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries, with Outlines of their Sermons, and Specimens of their Style;" by S. Baring-Gould, M.A., Author of "Iceland, its Scenes and Sagas," &c.;—"Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge in 1850, 1853, and 1854;" by the late Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. Mary's, Brighton;—"Some Words for God; being Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford, chiefly during the years 1863—1865;" by Henry Parry Liddon, M.A., Prebendary of Salisbury;—"On Miracles: Eight Lectures Preached before the University of Oxford, at the Bampton Lecture for 1865;" by J. B. Mozley, B.D., Vicar of Old Shoreham;—"A Latin Version of the Book of Common Prayer;" edited by the Rev. W. Bright, M.A., and the Rev. P. G. Medd, M.A., in a pocket volume;—"The Divine Oracles of Joel, Habakkuk, and Zephaniah, Interpreted in a Series of Homilies; with Copious Notes;" by C. Robinson, LL.D.

WE copy the following statistics of book-selling and printing in California from *Trübner's Literary Record*: "The first printing in California was executed at Monterey, in 1846, and in 1861 there were nearly 100 periodicals published in that state, about 30 of which appeared in San Francisco. In 1846 it was calculated that within this extensive territory there were not 300 volumes of books. The *San Francisco Evening Bulletin* of the 6th of June, in an exceedingly interesting article upon 'Literature and the Book Trade in San Francisco,' states that the English books now in circulation in the state number at least two millions. The writer gives a list of nine public libraries, possessing 90,000 volumes, and refers to the large number of small libraries scattered through the state. He gives the palm of merit for enterprise in the collection and circulation of books in that state to the houses of Messrs. Bancroft and Co., and Messrs. A. Roman and Co., both of San Francisco. The former have published most of the works issued from the press in that part of the American continent, and, strange to say, the bulk of their publications consists of law books. The following summary of stock in Messrs. Bancroft's possession will give some idea of the enormous extent of their business. Of works in general literature they hold 40,000 volumes; of school books, 110,000; of scientific works, 16,000; of law books, 14,000; of medical books, 4,500; of theological, 5,500; and of juvenile books, 10,000 volumes. Messrs. Roman and Co., though holding a much smaller stock, sell from 175,000 to 200,000 dollars worth of books annually."

On the 23rd of April, 1864, the corner stone of a monument to Shakespeare was laid in the Central Park, New York, and a committee was organized for the purpose of raising not less than 20,000 dollars for the erection of a monument

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to place upon it. The report of the result of its labours up to the 10th July, 1865, shows that though the subscriptions amount to 19,803 dollars, the contributors only number 81. The late James W. Wallack, the actor, and Alexander T. Stewart, the wealthy merchant, head the list with 1,000 dollars each, and the names of Griswold, Tuckermann, Bryant, J. G. Bennett, and Grant White, show that literature had its representatives. In addition to the contributions, the fund was increased by a sum of 5,350 dollars received from benefits at Niblo's and the Winter Garden Theatre.

"CHANSONS des Rues et des Bois" is the title of Victor Hugo's forthcoming volume of poems.

To the Dante literature of 1865, according to *Trübner's Literary Record*, we have now to add a very interesting volume "On the Original Portraits of Dante," by Charles Eliot Norton, 4to, pp. 18, with four photographic illustrations. Cambridge, Mass., 1865. Only fifty copies have been printed for private circulation. Mr. Norton is an enthusiastic student and admirer of all that relates to Dante, and in this monograph he aims to prove the authenticity of a mask which tradition says was taken from the face of the dead poet by comparing it with the portrait by Giotto, the only known likeness of the poet taken during his lifetime. The photographs consist of representations of both portrait and mask, and Mr. Norton seeks to prove the authenticity of the latter by pointing out striking and unquestionable points of resemblance.

THE RINDERPEST AT LEAMINGTON.

THE doctors have been holding high festival at Leamington. The mere amount of speaking, reported in the medical journals, is something prodigious. Not content with the day's work, they were at it again in the evening; and the poor reporter was at it too, taking down at full length what one said in praise of another, and how that other received and repaid his brother's commendations. There is great excuse to be made for them. All, solemn M.D.'s, dapper surgeons, and shrewd general practitioners, have, most days in their lives, to deny themselves, to combine two most inconsistent things, grandiose talk (which their lady patients admire, being probably used to it by their pet preachers) and sententious brevity, lest they be taken for mere talkers. This, we believe, is why so many doctors, otherwise sensible men, affect Latin and Latin-English when they are talking to their patients. Dr. Diafoirus was right; an unintelligible word or two goes further even with many who smile at the use of it than several sentences of plain mother-tongue. But when they are alone with their own reporter the doctors make up for their enforced reticence. *Omnibus hoc vitium est*; and the worst of it is that, though they go on without end, they cannot get rid of the normal pomposity. Even Dr. W. Budd, whose theory on the spread of infection by sewage water is so popular just now, marred a clever and exhaustive paper on the cattle plague by deploring in a painfully magnificent peroration the possible extinction of shorthorns—"that aristocracy of bullocks"—the sight of which had delighted him so much when the Agricultural Show was at Bristol. Dr. Budd's paper "puts down," once for all, the able editors and clever correspondents who are so merry with Professors Simonds and Gamgee, and wonder they don't call it Hornvichseuche, or even Hornvich-schrickliche-seuche, for the sake of additional *συνόρησις*. The doctor gives the history of the plague from Rölls and the other continental authorities. It is a pythogenic (typhoid) fever; caused (says Dr. Budd, applying to beasts the theory he is so fond of insisting on for men) by putrid fæces, and therefore liable to be spread by our present drainage system. Always present in the Steppes, "where there is no Farr, no Chadwick, no Florence Nightingale," it may at any moment be brought west by trade or, still more readily, by war. As a fact it is always breaking into some part of Austria. The Prussian cordon generally manages to keep it back; but in 1811 it came in with the Russian contingent, and gave the French the additional mortification of seeing their cattle die off as well as having an enemy in their capital. During the Crimean war it came down to Sebastopol with the Russian commissariat, swept through various parts of Turkey, and did fearful mischief in Egypt, where it had never been before, at least since the days of Moses. Quite unknown in the new world, it is supposed to have cut off two hundred millions of beasts during the last century—twenty-eight millions in Germany only. It has been in England before; in 1744 a farmer

bought in Zealand a load of condemned hides. The disease broke out at once, killing 30,000 head in Cheshire, 40,000 in Nottingham, and costing Government 135,000*l.* in compensation to farmers. It was got under in 1747, but only by very strong measures; for instance, it was made penal to send cattle north or west of a certain line; every beast affected was ordered to be killed at once, from ten to forty shillings being allowed for every one so slaughtered. Germany has been visited quite recently; and a late outbreak of the same plague in Western Russia was distinctly traced by the Government to *some infected manure which had been a year under the snow*. Verily the old heathen plan of burning seems a good one in a sanitary point of view. Dr. Budd is very indignant against those who write to *The Times*, throwing out their crude views against the well-weighted opinions of the veterinary professors. "As if (says he) the seemingly spontaneous breaking out of the malady in any quarter was proof that it has not been conveyed there." He thus dexterously throws on his opponents the onus of proving a negative. Infection may travel in the form of dust; on the steppes, the rapid evaporation soon dries the infected discharges, and the poisonous particles are swept far and wide by the wind. Thus, a wet season is greatly in our favour, if only we take care not to poison our water, for we must remember cattle have stomachs, as well as men and women. They hold out wonderfully, it is true. What should we say of typhus patients who had to lie all through their illness on beds saturated with accumulated discharge? Yet this is often the case with cows in our town dairies and in country farm-sheds. Thus, though very strong on the importation theory, urging that we cannot be expected "to follow the continuity of a chain whose links are invisible," Dr. Budd equally insists on the need of cleanliness at home, and of stringent measures to prevent the spread of the infection. "The liquid fæces infect ships, trucks, and (through untrapped sewers) the very air itself. I saw a load of manure, not disinfected, carried along by canal. The mischief which this might do, slowly moving along from London to Berkshire, leaving a trail of poison as it goes, it would be impossible to calculate." It is strange that, though the disease is so like typhus, presenting what French doctors call the *plaques gangrænes*, and attacking the alimentary canal and the air-passages, men do not catch it. Dr. Budd says even the diseased beef may be eaten with impunity. Just as in the case of *variola ovina*, so like human small-pox, yet never attacking human beings, we are safe, just because of our openness to the other form of typhus. Inoculation seem to have been used abroad with some success; beasts once attacked are safe for the future. As with all other diseases, this plague is much less fatal in Siberia, where it is endemic, than in new countries; among our cattle it spreads as small-pox did among the Red Men of America. We recommend all who can to read Dr. Budd's paper: it is, we believe, to be found in all the medical journals. His rules are not new; he recommends unsparing slaughter of all animals attacked; their hides, &c., to be slashed and destroyed too; proper care to get rid of the fæces, &c., and to properly destroy the contagion of all discharges; and strict quarantine regulations about foreign cattle. But it is not so much his rules as his lucid and exhaustive treatment of the history and pathology of the question which make Dr. Budd's monograph paper so specially valuable, despite his occasional grandiloquence and a very excusable tendency every now and then to write as a medical partizan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE CATTLE-PLAGUE AND VIRGIL."

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—An Oxford M.A. tells us, in the last number of THE READER, that he has been struck with the remarkable coincidence between the accounts of the symptoms of the cattle-plague and those described by Virgil in his Third Georgic. It is quite true that some of the symptoms which the Latin poet enumerates will suit the case of the present disease amongst our horned stock, but the same may be said of numerous other brute diseases. The dry skin (*aret pellis*), the drooping ears (*demissæ aures*), the cough attended with difficult breathing (*tussis anhela*), the inflamed eyes (*ardentes oculi*), the deep moanings (*attractus ab alto spiritus interdum gemitu gravis*), the rough tongue in the parched mouth (*obsessas fauces premit aspera*

lingua), are all so generally characteristic of various diseases, that it is obvious such symptoms cannot furnish any reliable diagnosis of a specific complaint. Every symptom enumerated above—to give only one instance—may be, and generally is, exhibited by a beast suffering from the well-known pleuro-pneumonia; indeed, most of these symptoms commonly show themselves in the case of disorders of an inflammatory nature. Virgil is speaking of some great epidemic that once desolated the tract of land between the Carnic Alps and the mouth of the river Timavus in Venetia, and refers to the aspect (in his time) of those still deserted pastoral lands. That some devastating cattle and sheep-plague did once appear there is probable enough, but that the highly-wrought poetical description of it which Virgil has given, in language which he has frequently borrowed from Lucretius, affords the slightest ground for supposing an identity between the "*miseranda tempestas*" of the Timavian district and the present cattle-disease cannot, I think, be allowed. Let us look at the facts. Virgil's plague attacked the whole of the brute crea-

Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum, Corruptique lacus, infectis pabula tabo. (480).

Horses, pigs, oxen, sheep, deer, wolves, and dogs, were all sufferers from this dreadful pestilence, nor did the birds escape, but were suddenly struck down while flying in mid air:—

Ipsis est aer avibus non æquus, et illas Præcipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt. (540.)

Nay, the plague even extended to the scaly inhabitants of the deep sea, and the shore was covered with dead fish; the poor seals betook themselves to the rivers, while vipers and water snakes erected their scales in astonishment (541-545).

But we must take notice that Virgil's account of the symptoms of the plague is spoken in reference to *various* animals. Your correspondent sees no inappropriateness in comparing the "*tussis anhela*" of the poet's pigs, with "the dry, hollow, and spasmodic cough" of the cattle-owner's cow. The symptoms of the dry skin, drooping ears, inflamed eyes, and deep-drawn breath, which your correspondent counts amongst the remarkable coincidences in favour of the identity of the ancient and modern plagues, belong, with one unimportant exception, *not* to the cow, but to the horse, which poor animal, Virgil says, was so maddened by the disease that he worried himself to death—a somewhat peculiar phenomenon in equine farriery, and worthy of being enumerated amongst the other diagnostic symptoms, one would suppose. Professor Conington, in his edition of Virgil, is quite right in saying "we know nothing of the epidemic described," and I have little doubt he will be of the same opinion should another edition of his valuable work be called for. It is clear to me that the great Latin poet had no definite notion of the disease that once ruined the Tamavian and Alpine shepherds. The distemper in question happened long before his time. He might have heard some few stories concerning the dire contagion, which he has embellished according to the taste of his poetical mind. Whether the present cattle plague was or was not known to the ancients remains a question for those interested in such matters; but our sources of information must be sought for in the writings not of poets, but of matter-of-fact prose authors; such, for instance, as Columella, Varro, and Vegetius.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. HOUGHTON.
Preston Rectory, Wellington, Salop,
August 19, 1865.

IS RELIABLE A "VILE WORD."

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—In your last number, your reviewer, "F. G.—n," calls *reliable* "that vile word." Will you ask him to prove the justice of his epithet?

There are, I know, certain useful words which act on certain men like red rags on bulls. Johnson "did not know" that *humiliating* was legitimate English, and "would not admit" that *civilization* was tolerable; nevertheless both these words were wanted, have both done good service, and are both likely to live. Objection has also often been taken to the omission of the preposition from adjectives in *able* formed from verbs usually constructed with a preposition, as *reliable*, from *rely on*; but it seems to me that the usage of Englishmen (now the law of our language) has settled that such formations are allowable. The many words held good, and which are in common use, like *unaccountable*, not to be accounted for, *unsearchable*, not able to be

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searched into or out, surely establish the law that the completing preposition of a verb may be omitted in its derivative in *able*. Moreover *reliable* is a word so wanted as a complement to *trustworthy*, that if there were no analogies in its favour it would be (in my opinion) worthy of adoption. F.

August 30, 1865.

THE "SOCIAL EVIL."

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—Is anything to come of all the late talk about regulating the "social evil," or is it quite left to itself, now that infanticide has cropped out as the sensation topic of the recess? There was I at Plymouth, a week or two ago, with two lads of fifteen and sixteen; and we could not take an evening stroll on the Hoe, to enjoy the calm beauty of the Sound, the soft summer air, the water without a ripple, the restless little steamers got quiet at last, Drake's island sleeping under dark Mount Edgcombe, and the "leviathans afloat" just within the faintly-marked line of the breakwater, without being pestered by buxom damsels of all ages, and greeted with idiotic choruses of the "Slap bang" description.

My boys are as undemonstrative a pair as you could have found in all the "Three Towns," nothing "loud" about them of any kind. Perhaps the eldest may have had a cigar in his mouth; boys will do it, though they did not in my day; but surely that ought not to have subjected us to a persecution from which not their quiet ways, nor even my grave face and dress, could save us. As things are managed all over England, I suppose the Plymouth girls were right in emulating the activity shown by every other class. But what I ask is, cannot things be better managed? Two years ago I was in Paris at the Fête Napoleon. Every night a friend and I left the main strength of our party in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and walked across to our students' lodging in the Quartier Latin. Yet we were never once "solicited." Two years earlier, several of us were at Cherbourg (where we saw them building this *Flandre*, by the way); we walked out everywhere, and at all hours, but we never saw anything to offend the eye or ear of the most prudish. Why, then, could not my boys and I take a turn on the Hoe without being scandalized by the coarse gambols of Sal and her partner for the evening, and challenged to do likewise by the still unattached members of the roving sisterhood? Many say this lawlessness in such matters is something in the breed. An Irishman of my acquaintance is always quoting the Flemish women, brought over in Plantagenet times, and established under Episcopal patronage in Southwark—they called them the Bishop of Winchester's geese—to prove how weak the pure Teuton has always been in this direction. But surely his argument cuts the other way. There are, we know, plenty of "geese in pens" in every town in France, to be had for the seeking. France differs from us in an enviable absence of the wandering fowl who go noisily about our streets, attacking all passers-by. She has kept, while we have lost, the mediæval usage, based on Roman custom. Surely it would be better for the poor "geese" themselves, infinitely better for us and our sons, if they were decently housed, instead of being suffered thus to roam on the loose. I know the whole question of regulation is one of extreme difficulty; I do not pretend to enter into it. I only plead *virginibus puerisque* for our sons and daughters, who surely cannot see without danger what they now can scarcely help seeing. At present, the difference between an English lad who goes about with his eyes open and a lad bred up in a *lycée* is just this, that the latter may escape, till manhood brings wisdom, the dangerous "knowledge of good and evil," and all that it leads to; while the former cannot. It is almost as if we acted on the principle, *Ades in teneris adulescere multum est*—a very good maxim in its way, but one of which I, the father of six sons, question the applicability in the present instance.

I make no apology for writing to you on this subject. It is false delicacy which keeps men of my cloth from facing a question which is one of the most important social questions of the day. As I write, the crowd parading under my hotel windows is behaving in a way which in Paris you could not match, except in the Jardin, or some such questionable, or rather unquestionable place.

Fortunately, my boys are asleep. I leave the matter in your hands, and am, Sir, your faithful servant,
A SOMERSETSHIRE RECTOR.
Liverpool, August, 1865.

SCIENCE.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF THE OCEAN AND SEA TEMPERATURE.

THE twelfth number of *The Meteorological Papers*, published by the authority of the Board of Trade, which we have just received, contains an important paper under the above title, in which is collected together a mass of valuable facts.

The observations of specific gravity, exceeding 50,000 in number, have in every case been reduced to the temperature of 62°. All the observations in each square of ten degrees of latitude and longitude have been collected and meaned; and these means, both specific gravities and temperatures, are shown on an outline chart of the world.

Atlantic.—The mean specific gravity of the whole of the North Atlantic from the Equator to latitude 50° is 1·02664, while that of the South Atlantic between the corresponding parallels is 1·02676, showing an excess on the side of the waters south of the Equator, but only of '00012. The accession of the river Plate has considerable influence in diminishing the density of the sea in its vicinity, and by omitting all observations above 30° north and 30° south, the mean densities become respectively 1·0267 and 1·0271; that is to say, between the Equator and 30° the southern waters are heavier than the northern by '0004. This difference is less than has hitherto been generally supposed, and even this exists only between the Equator and 20°, and is chiefly occasioned by the greatly diminished density of the water between the Equator and 10° north in the belt of equatorial calms and rains. Though but little heavier, the South Atlantic is decidedly colder than the North, nearly five degrees, their mean temperatures being 71°·6 and 66°·7 respectively, and that this difference is tolerably uniform, parallel for parallel, is rendered evident by some thermal curves which accompany the paper. Changes of temperature in sea water are frequently abrupt. When H.M.S. Nile was going from Halifax to Bermuda, in May 1861, Admiral Milne found the temperature 70° at the bow, while only 40° at the stern, as he entered the Gulf Stream. In illustration of the effect of heavy rains, in at least temporarily diminishing the specific gravity of the surface, a most remarkable instance was observed by Dr. C. K. Ord, of H.M.S. Hermes, when that ship was lying in Simon's Bay in August 1859. On the 4th of that month at 9 A.M. the specific gravity was 1·0266, and in one hour it was reduced by the heavy rain that fell to 1·0193, the water becoming "brown in colour, merely brackish in taste, and its current setting distinctly outwards." By noon the density had increased to 1·0253, and at 3 P.M. the surface had recovered its former density of 1·0266. The next day the specific gravity was again reduced by heavy rain, and again rose.

Mediterranean.—The mean specific gravity of the whole of the Mediterranean, derived from about 600 observations, is 1·0289. The mean density increases gradually from west to east; the observations to the west of longitude 10° east giving a mean density of 1·0286, while between 10° east and 30° east the mean is 1·0291, showing an excess of '0005 on the side of the eastern half of the sea. The average temperature at the surface is 67°·3 (the mean of all observations). The highest temperature recorded is 79° and the lowest recorded is 53°.

Dardanelles and Black Sea.—The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Colombo, while passing through the straits to the Black Sea found the specific gravity decrease from 1·0278 to 1·0162. The mean of all the observations in the Black Sea (nearly 200) shows an average density of only 1·0143, the maximum recorded is 1·0209; the minimum* 1·0114. The large influx of fresh water from the great rivers which discharge themselves into the Black Sea is no doubt the cause of its diminished density, as compared with the Mediterranean. Its mean temperature is 56°·8, or 10°·5 lower than that of the Mediterranean.

North Sea and Baltic.—There is a very marked difference between the mean densities of the North Sea and the Baltic; for while the density of the former differs but little from that of the Atlantic Ocean generally, the specific gravity of the Baltic, as derived from about 100 observations, is even less than that of the Black Sea.

North Sea ...	Mean specific gravity...	1·0261
	Maximum	1·0280
	Minimum	1·0199
Baltic	Mean specific gravity...	1·0086
	Maximum	1·0232
	Minimum	1·0003

The mean of the observations in the western half of the sea (long. 10° to 20° east) is 1·0112, while the observations to the east of long. 20° show a mean density of only 1·0042. The temperature of the water appears to decrease eastward, but the observations are not sufficiently numerous to be of much value.

Pacific.—It is remarkable that although the waters of the North and South Atlantic do not, upon the whole, appear to differ much in density from each other, yet the specific gravity of the South Pacific does seem to exceed that of the North, parallel for parallel. As in the case of the Atlantic the mean surface temperature of the North Pacific exceeds that of the South, but the excess is neither so great nor so uniform. It should be remembered, however, that the Pacific observations are not so numerous as those made in the Atlantic, nor do they extend over quite the whole surface of the ocean. Taking the same limits as in the Atlantic, namely 50° north and 50° south, the specific gravity of the North Pacific is to that of the South Pacific as 1·0254 to 1·0265, an excess of '0011 on the side of the South. The mean temperature of the North Pacific is 69°·9 (as far as present observations go), that of the South is 67°·7, two degrees lower. The limits of longitude adopted in calculating these averages for the Pacific are 70° west and 140° east. Of the three oceans south of the Equator, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian, the Atlantic is the heaviest and the coldest; while the Indian is the lightest and the warmest, and the Pacific is between the two; as below:—

South Atlantic ...	Specific gravity...	1·02676
	Temperature.....	65°·66
South Pacific ...	Specific gravity...	1·02658
	Temperature.....	67°·70
South Indian ...	Specific gravity...	1·02630
	Temperature.....	69°·28

The North Atlantic appears to be both heavier and warmer than the North Pacific, but observations are wanting in the middle of the Pacific, where the density is probably greater than in other parts of that ocean. The result of the observations as far as they go is as follows:—

North Atlantic ...	Specific gravity...	1·02664
	Temperature.....	71°·56
North Pacific ...	Specific gravity...	1·02548
	Temperature.....	69°·94

From its local peculiarities, the Indian Ocean north of the Equator cannot be compared with either the Atlantic or Pacific.

Sea of Japan, Yellow Sea, &c.—The density of the water (at surface) in the neighbourhood of the Japan islands and near the east coast of China and Chinese Tartary is somewhat variable. The greatest recorded in these seas is 1·0354, found in 40° 40' north, 138° 6' east; but upon the whole the mean specific gravity is not high; and near the mouths of the larger rivers, especially the Yang-tse-Kiang, it is very low indeed. Near the mouth of the Peiho also it was on one occasion found to be as low as 1·0053. The seawater temperatures generally appear rather high for the latitudes. The range of temperature, especially near the coast, is considerable. In the Gulf of Pe-Chili a range of 52° has been observed; 82° being the highest and 30° the lowest temperature recorded. The occasionally very low temperatures in this locality seem to be caused by the ice brought down by the Peiho river.

Red Sea.—The mean of some 200 observations gives 1·0286 as the mean density of the Red Sea. The density seems to be greatest in the northern parts of the sea, and to decrease gradually southwards towards Aden. The maximum observed is 1·0321, in the Bay of Suez; the minimum 1·0252, near Aden. Dividing the sea into two parts, north and south of latitude 20°, we have the following result:—

Mean density of the whole (as above)	1·0286
" Northern half ...	1·0297
" Southern half ...	1·0272

being an excess of '0025 on the side of the northern half. The mean temperature of the Red Sea is 79°·3. Above latitude 20° it is 77°·4, and (the mean of the observations) below that latitude is 81°·5. The highest temperature recorded is 94°·* Temperatures as high as 90°

* Steamer European at Aden, Sept. 2, 1857. (Captain Maury mentions 95 deg. as a not uncommon temperature in the Red Sea.)

* Except off the mouths of the rivers.

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occur not unfrequently. The lowest temperature reported is 64°.*

Indian Ocean and Adjacent Seas.—In the Indian Ocean, including under that head the sea as far as 50° south and 140° east, the region (or line) of lowest specific gravity appears to be near the Equator, or a little to the south of it, whereas in both the Atlantic and Pacific the line of least density is to the north of the Equator in the belt of equatorial rains and calms. There is a marked decrease in density towards the east in the Bay of Bengal and towards Sumatra, occasioned no doubt by the accession of the fresh water from the rivers Ganges, Mahanuddy, and Irawaddy; but taking the means of zones of 10 degrees there is but little difference in either the specific gravity or temperature from 20° north to 20° south. In the neighbourhood of Sumatra and Java, in Banca, Sunda, and Gaspar Straits, the specific gravity is exceedingly variable. Though the specific gravity of the South Indian Ocean is less on the whole than that either of the South Atlantic or the south Pacific, some of the highest densities on record have been found in the South Indian. Captain Heddle, of the *Calliance*, when going from Melbourne to Calcutta, between 30° and 10° south lat., 100° and 90° east long., found two of 1.0349 and 1.0362 respectively. The last is the highest observation (well authenticated) on record, with the exception of Captain Harrington's 1.0442 to the southward of Australia.

The paper concludes with the following short summary of results: In conclusion, the result of the whole inquiry serves to show that the chief differences in oceanic specific gravity arise from local or special circumstances. It is high in regions where evaporation is rapid, as in the trade winds, and low in those parts of the ocean where much rain falls. It is highest of all (on the average) in arms of the sea, such as the Red Sea, where there are no rivers and but little rain; and lowest near the mouths of great rivers, such as the St. Lawrence or the Plate, or in seas like the Black Sea and the Baltic, where the accession of fresh water is great. It is low also in high latitudes in the vicinity of ice. The highest surface temperature anywhere recorded is 94° in the Red Sea near Aden. The highest surface temperatures recorded elsewhere are 88° and 89°. These have been found not unfrequently in the Indian Ocean near the Equator. Captain Maury speaks of a temperature of 95° as being not uncommon in the Red Sea, but there is no record here of any temperature above 94°.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT DURHAM.

THE weather on the 23rd was still gloomy. In the morning the cathedral was visited. As we have before said, power and strength are its characteristics. Alike are they felt in the nave and in the chapter-house. It was to them that Scott referred, when he spoke of "Durham's massy fane;" and Johnson, when he spoke of Durham's "rocky solidity, and indeterminate duration." And it is just now highly necessary to insist on the truth of their criticisms, when an attempt is made to exalt Durham at the expense of York and Lincoln; because, too, after all that may be said, they seized on the one vital principle of the building. Writers who can say that the Chapel of the Nine Altars and the window of the Seven Sisters at York have nothing but the charm of numbers to commend them, must be reminded that they are led away by nothing else but the charm of a smart sentence,—must be further reminded that they are ignorant of the very first principles of Art. It is not any particular bias that makes us see greater beauty in the later developments of Gothic, than in the Romanesque work. It is not a prejudice, but a law which obtains in every other art—in music, in painting, and in poetry. And a man who professes to see to the contrary, might as well say that he preferred the rudimentary forms of nature, beautiful as they are, to her more complete and higher manifestations.

The real value and the real beauty of Durham is its power. "The style is the man," is true in architecture as in everything else. And the Norman in his churches faithfully reproduced the prominent feature of his own character—power. And in Durham more truly than in any other church is this felt. Mr. Ruskin says, that if we would see Norman work in perfection, we must go to Normandy; but we, on the con-

trary, believe that if we would see it in all its power and all its majesty, we must go to Durham,—to that cathedral set upon a hill, girt by the Wear, in the loftiness of whose nave the builder meant to typify the high virtues of its patron saint.

Other beauties are there; more especially those of the Chapel of the Nine Altars, which has of late been so ignorantly decried—the exquisite tenderness of the carving of the foliage of the capitals, the light springing of its clustered marble pillars, its grace of freedom, and the freaks of fancy in arch and window; the builder playing with his design as some consummate poet plays with his verse, here breaking off the strain and there continuing it again, yet blending all in harmony. But these beauties, perhaps, may be seen elsewhere, but no where the same sense of volumness, nowhere the same majesty.

Mr. Hill's paper was painstaking, but it was the work of a pure archaeologist. But it should ever be remembered that a cathedral is a poem in stone, and to dwell on its mere details, the story of this saint, and the history of those relics, is worse than a critic dwelling only on the textual variations and archaisms of a poem, instead of entering into its moral significance, and endeavouring to interpret its meaning in the same spirit that it was conceived.

The afternoon was spent in examining Finchale Priory. Its situation is very beautiful, and though in this respect inferior to the Abbeys of Fountains and Bolton, yet it may fairly rank with those of Brantien and Hulne. The finest view of its ruins is from the west side of the cloisters. Here you may catch at one glance the long range of decorated windows of the nave, and through and beyond them again the steep bank of the Wear, dark with the woods of Cochen; and closer at hand the ruined south aisle, turned into one of the alleys of the cloister; and on the south side the refectory, and on the east the chapter-house, through the arch of whose doorway rise more ruins and trees in mingled confusion.

Mr. Roberts read a paper on its history; and we may here take the opportunity of saying that we have been requested to state that there is not the slightest truth in his assertion that large quantities of the stones have been lately carted away for the erection of farm buildings. Not a stone has been touched for the last twenty years. And we think that, instead of indulging in unmerited abuse, and wounding the feelings of those whose sole desire is the preservation of the building, Mr. Roberts might have gratefully remembered the labours of the late St. Godric Society, and more recently the care of those who live on the spot. To become a good antiquarian, it is not necessary to forget all the characteristics of a modern gentleman. But even as an antiquarian, his statement that the spire was made of wood is open to considerable doubt. Mr. Raine formed his opinion that it was built of stone, from the indisputable evidence of the spire-stones which he found. Further we believe that all the old prints represent a stone-spire.

Fine weather at last came on the 24th, and saw the Association at Barnard Castle. It is a long, straggling place, half village, half town, with streets wide enough for the traffic of London, but with grass enough to make them look more like fields than streets. After seeing it, the proverb "Barney Cassel, the last place that God made," and "Barney Cassel bred," explain themselves. The castle, however, atones for the defects of the town. Its ruins cover nearly seven acres, about the same space that the Roman Camp at Lanchester occupies. The remarkable details are the north gateway, the arch into the moat, under the west wall, and the Round Tower, with the stone vaulting of its basement. Scott, as we all know, has sung of it in "Rokeby." But since his days a hideous railway bridge deforms the beauty of its scenery. And those well-known lines have now acquired a curious significance:—

Far, sweeping east, the traveller sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
And tracks his wanderings by the stream.

But time will some day blend even a railway bridge into harmony with nature. Even now its formal lines cannot quite destroy the magic of the Tees rushing far down below, nor altogether hide the summer purple of the moors, nor break the curves of the distant Cumberland mountains.

Staindrop Church was the next point. It is doubly interesting—first, in its relation to the parish, and, secondly, as containing some fine monuments of the Nevilles. Its history, and

the details of its architecture, were admirably explained by the Rev. J. F. Hodgson. And there can be no greater benefit to a parish than that its clergyman should, next after his parishioners, best know and love his own church. Space forbids us to enter into these details. One thing only can we notice, that *The Times* in its account blunders into praising the east window. Its art-criticism is never very high. And to uphold one of the vilest restorations ever made is, perhaps, only a fitting sequel to applauding the manufactures of Mr. Frith, and puffing the vulgarities of Miss Braddon. We may add, for its benefit, that it was the original window which Mr. Hodgson so eloquently praised.

Raby Castle stands in the park close by. And here again Mr. Hodgson shone as a lecturer. Bamborough Castle is surrounded by the sea, and Warwick Castle is set by the Avon, but Raby differs from all. It stands on no hill, like Warkworth or Alnwick. But it is more imposing than they. Solitary in the lowland, nearly a perfect specimen on the outside, at least of 14th century work, it stands a city of towers, deep-angled, without a single buttress. We saw it only for an hour or so, and any one who attempted to describe it from such a visit, if he failed, would be rightly regarded as a fool; if he succeeded, inspired. As we make no pretension to the latter character, we at all events wish to avoid the former. One word, however, more; we do not as a rule chronicle the entertainments to which this or any other association may be invited, but we must here make an exception in saying that the Duke of Cleveland's hospitality was even worthy of Raby.

The next day was given up to Tynemouth and Newcastle. The Benedictine Priory at the former place stands, like the abbey at Whitby, on a high rock facing the German Ocean. Its early history, like that of so many other monasteries similarly situated, is one long story of how the Danes sang "the mass of lances" within its walls. The east portion of the chancel fortunately remains, and tells something of the former glory of the church. And very lovely early English work it is—simple yet rich, light without being weak—a triplet deeply sculptured, with rare mouldings, and over it an oval set between two lancets, the whole covered by one tall single light. After such work the adjoining chantry of the Percies looks tawdry and meretricious.

At Newcastle, the two objects which strike all visitors, by their strong contrast, if by nothing else, are the square Norman keep of the old castle, and the lantern of the Church of St. Nicholas. But there is much else to see besides them—old houses and "chares," the city walls, the chapel of the Black Friars, and the parish churches. To all of these an able guide was found in Dr. Bruce, the well-known author of "The Roman Wall." But a second day might with advantage have been given to Newcastle. As it was, everything was seen in a hurry. Brancepeth Castle and Bishop's Auckland, however, were set down for Saturday. The castle, once the seat of the Nevilles, has been entirely restored. It now looks not unlike the traditional stage castle in a pantomime, and the great object in visiting it must have been for the sake of increasing the glory of Raby by the contrast. On the south-east side, however, a small portion of the older building remains, and looks rather imposing when seen from a certain point in the grounds. Again, in the north-west angle of the courtyard some of the old wall still stands. The church is most worthy of notice. Outside, the belfry of the sanctus bell, the corbal table round the tower, the curious porch of Bishop Cozens, and the vesica inserted into the south buttress of the east chancel wall—all possess an interest to the ecclesiologist. Inside, too, the font of Stanhope marble, with its canopy, the rich carving of the pews, the stall-work in the chancel, the chancel-screen, nearly all the gifts of Bishop Cozens, the effigies of Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland, and Margaret, his wife, carved in black oak, and Sir Ralph Neville, in stone, give it a beauty which is rarely seen in a parish church.

Bishop's Auckland was the last place visited. Here, at the castle, the residence of the Bishop of Durham, the restorer has been at work. The chapel, the clerestory of which was added by the munificent Bishop Cozens, is the real attraction. So finished the meeting. Its results cannot be considered very important. Mr. Planche's criticism on the Lumley portraits, and the Lumley effigies in the north aisle at Chester-le-Street, were, in their way, valuable, though Gough was probably well aware of the spuriousness of the latter,

* H.M.S. Cyclops.

† With the exception of a temperature of 91 deg., once recorded in square 62.

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So far, the destructive side of archaeological criticism was satisfactory. But as we have before said, one of the great ends of archaeology is to make us better understand the past, and by understanding them to draw us nearer to those great spirits who have gone before, and to whom we owe so much. For if archaeology does not, like other sciences, as botany or geology, elevate the mind, it sinks into mere contemptible trifling. But another great lesson to be learnt is the sense of the mutability of all things, one era differing from another; the stones which at Lanchester served to fortify the Roman camp being used in another day to build a Christian church. Here in this district the Romans, as we have seen, have left their traces by their camps and roads, the Normans by such stately monuments as Durham Cathedral and the keep at Newcastle, and our forefathers by such works of beauty as the lantern of the Church of St. Nicholas, and the glorious chancel of Tynemouth Priory. And our generation, too, will live in another and a different way. The High Level Bridge at Newcastle may be swept away, like the Pons Ælii, which once spanned the Tyne; but the huge ballast heaps by the Tyne, and the railway embankments, more enduring than all stone walls, and a country undermined for coal, the level of whose land has sunk for two yards in places, will leave a fitting memorial of the nation whose island is the world's factory.

THE POSSIBILITY OF REANIMATING THE DEAD.

In our last week's notice of Dr. Richardson's important and interesting memoir, we dealt with the general tenor of his researches and his first series of experiments, which had for their object the study of artificial respiration. We now give the remaining series of his experiments and his general conclusions, which are eminently novel, not to say startling:—

In the second series of experiments an attempt was made by various physical means to restore the circulation; these attempts may be called attempts at *artificial circulation*. Various processes were adopted. In one class of inquiry oxygen was gently infused into the circulation, either in the form of gas, or in solution as peroxide of hydrogen, in order to see if by this means the heart could be stimulated to active contraction. In other instances water heated to a given temperature was injected, or the vapour of water. Again, electricity was brought into play; and, lastly, various mechanical contrivances were introduced, either for forcing the blood over the system or for drawing it over.

In respect to the effect of oxygen gas, I found that when the gas freshly made from chlorate of potassa, but well washed, was driven into the venous current towards the heart by the vena cava superior, the auricle and ventricle of the right side at once exhibited active contraction, which could be prolonged for an hour without difficulty by simply continuing the introduction of the gas at intervals; but the contraction of the ventricle was never sufficient to produce a pulmonic current. When the gas was injected into the arteries, the current being directed towards the heart, so as to charge the structure of the heart itself with the gas through the coronary arteries, the heart in one instance made active movements which could be distinctly felt through the chest wall; but the effect was only momentary; and after it was over, the organ was found distended with gas and devoid of irritability. In another case, on making a *post-mortem* examination of an infant that had been dead twelve hours, oxygen gas at a temperature of 96° was injected into the heart. The organ became gradually distended; and on the left side, both in the auricle and in the ventricle, tremulous muscular action, like very feeble contraction, was distinctly seen. Whether this was due to the mechanical entrance of the gas or to true muscular contraction excited by the presence of the gas, is perhaps open to question, but I could make no distinction between this contraction and ordinary contraction as it is elicited immediately after death. The subject of this experiment was fourteen days old. Previous to the injection there had been no cadaveric rigidity, but after the injection this phenomenon was well marked.

The experiments with the peroxide of hydrogen were varied by passing the solution very slowly into the lung through the trachea, so that the oxygen that would be liberated might come into contact, together with the

air afterwards introduced by the bellows, with any blood remaining in the pulmonic circuit. A little fluid during this process found its way into the left auricle through the pulmonary veins, and the auricle thereupon contracted. On injecting the peroxide, in another experiment, over the arterial system, the blood on the venous side was pushed forwards into the heart, and it was made red in colour from absorption of the oxygen. As the fluid found its way round the systemic circuit, vigorous muscular contraction of the pectorals, of the muscles of the neck, and of the diaphragm, followed, but there was no reaction of the heart.

I gather from these researches that oxygen, introduced into the circulation directly, possesses the power of calling forth muscular contraction. This power seems to be due to the combination of the oxygen with a little blood remaining in the circulatory channels, and to the evolution of force from that combination. The effect of the oxygen, therefore, is extremely limited; and when introduced in the gaseous form, the distension it produces leads to a certain degree of disorganization of structure. I do not at this moment see, therefore, that oxygen admits of being applied as a direct excitant of the heart; but it is worthy of remembrance that the element produces temporary excitability when diffused through muscular structure recently rendered inactive.

A large number of attempts were made to restore the circulation by means of heat conveyed into the vessels by heated fluids. The phenomena produced were very remarkable, and they have engaged my attention for more than five years. I first observed that when vapour of water (steam) at a temperature of 130° was driven into the arteries, there was at once rapid and general muscular action, the heart participating in the movement, but less actively than the voluntary muscles.

I afterwards used simple water for injection, heated to various degrees, from 96° to 130°. When water is thus injected, the animal being only a few minutes dead, and the water not being below 115° Fahr., the extent and activity of the muscular contractions are even more marked than when galvanism is brought into action, but in the greater number of cases the effect of the warm water ceases in from fifteen to twenty minutes. When the temperature of the air in which the animal lies is below 40°, the water will act for so long a period as three hours after death. The water ceases to exert its influence when it infiltrates the cellular tissue. The admixture of salt with the water, so as to raise the specific gravity to the natural specific gravity of the blood, unquestionably diminishes the effect of the heated water; the muscular contractions are less rapid and less prolonged, although the infiltration into the cellular tissue is prevented for a much more lengthened period of time. I attribute the action produced on the muscles entirely to the heat evolved by the water.

Injection of blood held fluid by alkali, oxidized and heated to 96°, was employed. The blood was injected into the carotid in the direction of the heart, the object being to fill the coronary arteries with the fluid. This intention was fully carried out; but although the animal had been only a few minutes dead, there was no response on the part of the heart.

In another experiment, blood from the sheep, defibrinated, thoroughly oxidized, and warmed to 115° Fahr., was injected into the arterial system immediately after the death of an animal (a rabbit that had been destroyed by chloroform). The right auricle having been opened to allow of the escape of venous blood, no difficulty was experienced in forcing over the oxidized blood, and it returned freely by the veins; but it did not excite the least contraction. When this transfusion had been carried on some minutes, the blood was replaced by water at 125° Fahr. Immediately as the water found its way round the body, vigorous action of the body was manifested, with facial movements extremely like life; and these movements, by repeating the injection, were sustained for an hour. This experiment shows that heat alone was the restorer of the muscular irritability.

Electricity, in the form of electro-galvanism, was employed in several experiments and in various ways to excite the heart. The little battery of Legendre and Morin, with the addition of the metronome, so as to regulate the stroke, was the instrument used, and artificial respiration was combined with the electric process. In one experiment the negative pole from the battery was passed along the inferior cava

into the right side of the heart, and the opposite pole, armed with sponge at its extremity, was placed over the heart externally. Sufficient action was excited to produce a pulmonic current by the contraction of the right ventricle. The left side of the heart also contracted on receiving blood, an arterial circuit was made, and the animal exhibited for the moment all the signs of re-animation. In another case, the insulated pole from the battery was passed into the left side of the heart of a dog, the opposite pole being placed on the divided chest-wall. There was immediate action of all the muscles of the chest, but the heart was uninfluenced. In a third case, a current was passed from the brain along the whole length of the spinal column, and artificial respiration was sustained for half-an-hour. On opening the body, the heart was found full of blood on both sides and was contracting, but not with sufficient force to produce a circuit.

In a fourth case, a dog being the subject of experiment, electric communication between the right side of the heart and the external part of the organ was set up, with artificial respiration, as in the first experiment of this kind, only that the poles were reversed, and at the beginning of the experiment the pole applied ultimately to the heart externally was placed for a few minutes previously over the intercostal muscles. In this experiment the heart did not respond at all, although the thoracic muscles made vigorous contractions.

The inference which I draw from these experiments with electricity on the heart is, that by rapidly establishing a direct circuit between the blood in the right side of the heart and the external surface of the organ, using a moist conductor from the positive pole for the external surface, a sufficient contraction may (I had almost said, by a fortunate accident) be induced in the right ventricle to drive over the pulmonic current of blood, and to allow of its oxygenation by artificial inflation of the lungs. This fact at first sight looks small; but I value it beyond measure, because it has demonstrated that, when the action of the heart has ceased, the chest of the animal being open and all the conditions for re-animation being most unfavourable, the mere passage of blood from the right to the left side of the heart is sufficient to re-establish the action of the left side; that the left side thus reacting can throw a blood-current into the arteries; and that upon the reception of blood by the system, general muscular action and rhythmical action of the muscles of the chest are reproduced.

In considering the advantages that may be derived from galvanism, certain dangers of it must not be forgotten. My experiments clearly showed that the natural muscular irritability, while it is for a short time made more active by galvanism, is shortened in duration. This is natural. The irritability of muscle is in proportion to the degree of force which remains in it after the blood is withdrawn, which force is evolved in proportion as it is called forth. It is well, therefore, in applying galvanism for any purpose to the subject in whom the action of life is suspended, to use the agent for one definite object, and to remember that, in proportion as it is used, its power for good diminishes.

In the last division of the physical series of experiments, the object held in view was to set the blood mechanically in motion through its own vessels. The attempts were made (a) by forcing blood towards the right side of the heart and into the lungs by the action of a syringe fixed in a vein, (b) by trying to draw over a current of blood into the arteries from the veins and over the lungs, (c) by trying to inject the heart of one animal with blood derived from another animal.

A priori it seems an easy task to take an animal so soon as it is dead, to fix a tube from a syringe in the external jugular vein, to fill the syringe with blood, and by a downward stroke to push on the blood in the course of the circulation. From a mechanical point of view, the operation is perfect in theory; and when we remember that the auriculo-ventricular valve of the right side becomes in fact a natural valve for the piston, it is difficult to see how an artificial circulation can fail to be established by this simple means. When we further remember how easy it is to combine artificial respiration with the propelling process, one must feel that, prior to a point of time when the blood has coagulated, the process ought to succeed. Indeed, when the suggestion first occurred to me, I was so struck by it, that I rose from bed in the middle of the night to carry it out. Without for a moment losing faith in it, it has not as yet, however, been successful in my hands. The practical difficulty lies in the

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adjustment of the force employed. If too much force be used, the vein gives way; if too little, the obstruction in the pulmonary artery and lungs is not overcome. In further researches I shall employ larger animals than I have done up to the present time.

While conducting this forcing-process for artificial circulation, another idea suggested itself—viz., that perhaps it would be possible to draw a current of blood over the lungs into the arteries, oxidizing the current as it passed by artificial respiration. With this object in view, a syringe, connected with an air-pump, was fixed in a large artery, and the barrel of the syringe was then exhausted. When the syringe was thus filled with blood, the motion of its own piston downwards pushed the blood back into the arteries in the direction of the heart. The difficulties in this experiment were connected with the rapid coagulation of blood; but here, as in a previous experiment, sufficient was indicated to prove that reanimation is a possible fact. In one case the syringe was filled with blood, brought over the lungs and oxidized; and when this blood was driven again over the arterial circuit into the muscles, it re-established, wherever it found its way, muscular action, and for a brief period all the external phenomena of life.

Equally interesting with the results just named were those in which it was attempted to stimulate to contraction the dead heart of one animal with the force derived from the blood issuing from the heart of a living animal. In the experiment related as bearing on this point, although the force could not be readily conveyed by the pulsating stroke of the living heart, it was shown that twenty-eight minutes after the dead heart had ceased to pulsate, its contractions were revived by the transference of the blood derived from the heart of the animal that lived.

It remains to be seen whether a fluid resembling arterial blood, and capable either of being readily compounded when required, or of being kept ready for use, and capable also, when heated to 98°, of restoring the muscular power of the heart, may not be invented. If it can, then, the operation of injecting the heart by a carotid or brachial artery will be the most important practical step yet made towards the process of resuscitation when the motion of the heart has been arrested.

Granting, however, that such a fluid could be discovered, it would be necessary, in using it, to feed the heart, not in one continuous stream, but stroke by stroke, as in life; for it seems to me that the stroke supplements, or, more correctly speaking, represents a certain measure and regulation of the force derived from the combustion of the blood. After many failures, I believe I have at last contrived an injecting-apparatus which will supply the stroke at any tension and at any speed that may be required; but the instrument is not yet out of the maker's hands.

Bearing on this subject, it is certain that blood at 98° in the living heart will excite spontaneous action of involuntary muscle; that blood which has been drawn, oxidized, and heated, even to 115°, will not excite spontaneous muscular action when injected in a continuous stream, but that water or blood at 125° injected with a continuous stroke will excite. It is essential, therefore, to determine whether the addition of mechanical force by stroke will supplant the necessity of a higher temperature*.

THIRD SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS.—Application of External Heat.

The last series of experiments were conducted to ascertain the effects of external heat applied to the body that has ceased to show evidence of life. I was led to the inquiry by the fact that a kitten that had been under water, to my direct knowledge, for two hours, became reanimated in my pocket, and lived again perfectly. To see what further could be done in this direction, I placed three young rabbits, which had been drowned, in a sand-bath at temperatures respec-

tively of 100°, 110°, and 120°. Afterwards other rabbits that were destroyed by carbonic acid and chloroform were placed in the same manner, and exposed to the raised temperature for an hour. In no case was there any restoration of vitality; but it was observed that those parts of the body that had been more directly exposed to the heat showed the earliest indications of cadaveric rigidity. In the experiments where the death took place from chloroform, and where the animals had been exposed to a temperature of 100°, the heart at the end of an hour was found still excitable, and on the right side was contracting well without the application of stimulus. This did not occur in the cases of death from drowning and carbonic acid, nor yet in cases where the warmth was carried above the natural temperature. These observations are of moment as indicating two facts—viz., that chloroform is less fatal as a destroyer of muscular irritability than either carbonic acid or the process of drowning; and that in the application of temperature to the external surface of the body by the bath, it is not advisable to raise the temperature many degrees above the natural standard.

It is worthy of remark that in one of the rabbits which had been destroyed by chloroform and exposed to a temperature of 100°, the muscular irritability in the intercostal muscles was present thirteen hours after death. In all the cases, the right side of the heart was found free of engorgement, while the left side and the arteries contained blood—thus indicating that a pulmonic current had been produced.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS AND INDICATIONS.

I have already shown that artificial respiration is of service only when blood from the heart is being still distributed over the capillary surface of the lungs—or, to return to the simile with which I set out, that the process is simply one of fanning an expiring flame, which once expired will not, in spite of any amount of fanning, relight. The further conclusion to which I am at this moment led, goes, however, beyond the process of artificial respiration; returning again to the simile, I venture to report that, even when the heart has ceased to supply blood to the pulmonic capillaries during the period previous to coagulation, the blood may be driven or drawn over the pulmonic circuit, may be oxidized in its course, may reach the left side of the heart, may be distributed over the arteries, and that, thus distributed, it possesses the power of restoring general muscular irritability and the external manifestations of life. Hence I infer that resuscitation, under the limitations named, is a possible process, and that it demands only the elements of time, experiment, and patience for its development into a demonstrable fact of modern science.

Various modifications of the experiments to which I have had the honour to draw the attention of the Society are in hand; and if I am allowed the privilege, they will form the subject of another communication.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE Birmingham meeting of the British Association commences on Wednesday next, and if we are not mistaken "Phillip's Year" will prove one of the brightest in its annals. The full programme given in our advertising columns renders it only necessary for us here to refer to it. As in former years, we hope to give a complete report of the proceedings and papers, with the authors of the latter as *collaborateurs*. We shall be obliged by authors of communications forwarding abstracts of them to the "Editor of THE READER," at the Reception-Room Post Office.

WE learn from *Cosmos* that a chair of organic chemistry has been founded at the College of France, and that M. Berthelot has been appointed to it.

AMONGST the nominations for the Legion of Honour, made on the occasion of the national fête of the 15th of August, are the following: *Grand Officier*, M. Cheverul, of the Academy of Sciences, and Director of the Museum of Natural History. *Commandeurs*, MM. Poggiale, Inspector of Pharmacy; Becquerel, of the Academy of Sciences; de Mornay, Director of Agriculture; and Michal. *Officiers*, MM. Babinet, Director of Criminal Affairs; Brongniart; de la Gournerie; Jamin, Professor at the Faculty of Sciences; Barré de St. Venant; Tresca, Sub-director of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*; Poirel; Callon and Triger. *Chevaliers*, MM. Lachaud; l'Abbé Gabriel; Claudet, the London photographer; Badouin; Joly, Professor at the

Faculty of Sciences of Toulouse; de la Landelle Naudin, of the Academy of Sciences; Troost, Professor of Chemistry at the Buonaparte Lyceum; l'Abbé de Cuttoli; de Senneville; Bossange; de Jessey; Bonis; Alard; de Freycinet; Jolly; Barillet; Trouessart; Hélot, and Dr. Brochin.

THE Italian Society of Natural Sciences will hold an extraordinary meeting this year at Spezia, on the 17th September and three following days. The president is Professor G. Capellini, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

THE fourth annual meeting of the International Social Science Association was opened at Berne on Monday last by the Federal Councillor Challetvenel.

M. MILNE EDWARDS communicated to the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences a letter from M. Lartet on the discovery of a curiously-engraved fragment of ivory found in one of the caverns of Périgord. The piece of ivory was discovered in several fragments, which, when put together, showed a roughly engraved figure of a mammoth, its most remarkable characteristic being a long mane. It appears that the late Mr. Falconer, who accompanied M. Lartet, was the first to detect the figure, and clearly made out the existence of the mane, which feature at once recalled the celebrated Siberian elephant, so entirely preserved by ice. Although this rude drawing may have been made by some one contemporary with the mammoth, yet, M. Lartet remarks, it can hardly deepen the conviction of those who believe in the coexistence of man with the elephant *primigenius*.

M. LARTET, at the conclusion of the note above referred to, mentioned two discoveries which he had recently made in the course of his investigations on the geographical distribution of the quaternary mammals. The first was a new species of marmot, the remains of which were found in a cavern of Dordogne, formerly the habitation of man. The other, and more important discovery, was of a number of bones of the musk ox (*Oribos moschatus*) in one of the caverns of Périgord, which was probably a human dwelling of great antiquity. With these bones were others of animals now belonging only to more northerly regions; the musk ox itself, as is well known, now being found only in Arctic America, and never coming below 60° lat.; hence in the quaternary period it existed 15° below its present limit. It is worth noticing that M. Alphonse Milne Edwards arrived at analogous conclusions from his study of the fossil birds found in the various caverns of Périgord.

THE *Astronomical Register* for the current month contains some most exquisite lithographs of the drawings of Mars made by the Rev. W. R. Dawes at the last opposition. They are among the most faithful representations of a celestial object that we have seen.

WE learn from *Cosmos* that, at a recent meeting of the Industrial Society of Mulhouse, a communication was made relative to a new packing for the stuffing-boxes of the cylinders of steam-engines. Instead of hemp or gutta-percha, a mixture is used of saw-dust and tallow, in equal proportions; a small twist of tow below, and another above, prevent the composition from escaping from the box before it has hardened. The author of this method says that it has been tried with complete success for several months in many steam-engines.

THE proceedings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool for 1863-4 have recently been issued. In it we find an account of some excellent papers read at their meetings. We would especially call attention to one by the President, Mr. J. A. Pieton, on "Sanskrit Roots and English Derivations;" and to another, by Dr. Balman, on "Longevity in England," in which some interesting statistics are to be found. There is also a thoughtful paper on "Vitality," by the Rev. H. Higgins. Abstracts are given of papers by Mr. A. Herschel, on a "Detonating Meteor;" by Mr. Higginson, on "Rotating Discs;" by Mr. McFarlane Gray, on "The Arithmetic of Building Societies;" by Mr. Williams, on a new species of "*Chatopterus*;" and a full report of an important memoir by Mr. Collingwood, on "The Historical Fauna of Lancashire and Cheshire." The volume concludes with a complete classification of the Lepidoptera of Wirral, in Cheshire, by Mr. Brockholes. During the past session, papers were read by Dr. Ginsburg, on "The Kabbalah," and Dr. Rolleston, "On a Comparison of the Hand, Foot, and Brain of Man and the Chimpanzee;" we are sorry to find that the former has been unavoidably post-

* Since this paper was laid before the Society, I have determined by a direct experiment that rhythmic stroke is of the first importance in restoring muscular contraction. By means of a machine which can either be worked by the hand or by electro-magnetism, I was enabled, assisted by my friends Drs. Wood and Sedgewick, to introduce blood heated to 90° Fahr. into the coronary arteries of a dog by rhythmic stroke, and at the same rate as the stroke of the heart of the animal previously to its death. The result was, that one hour and five minutes after the complete death of the animal, its heart, perfectly still, cold, and partly rigid, relaxed, and exhibited for twenty minutes active muscular motion, auricular and ventricular. The action, which continued for a short time after the rhythmic injection was withheld, was renewed several times by simply re-establishing the injection.

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poned to the next volume, and that no report whatever is given of the latter.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, a note was read by M. Lartigue on a great storm of the 17th July, which raged in the departments of the Aisne and the Nord. About three o'clock in the afternoon a destructive hail-storm fell at Cambray, in that place alone breaking more than 3,000 panes of glass. Near d'Essigny, the railway was so obstructed by fallen objects that it caused the stoppage of the trains from Cologne to Paris. The carriages of a train had their lamps thrown out and the windows smashed by the hail and the wind. At Busigny not one whole pane of glass remained, and the tiles forming the roofs were broken through by the hailstones. Two of these hailstones, of a bi-pyramidal shape, weighed, one 253 grammes and the other 227. At Landrecies, not only were roofs broken through by fragments of trees blown by the wind, but it is said that three turrets were thrown down, and one of them, in which two men had taken refuge, was rolled along like a cask for more than 15 metres! In the country near the railroad between St. Quentin and Aulnoye, everything was laid waste, and the amount of damage done can hardly be estimated. The crops were destroyed and the fields flooded; in the hop grounds not a leaf remained, and the trees were either broken or torn up.

In the year 1862 M. Robinet, at that time President of the Academy of Medicine, read a paper on the application of freezing to the analysis of water. The salts are of course left in solution, according to the well-known fact that water in the act of freezing becomes completely separated from everything which it previously held in solution. The subject was carried further by a M. Ossian Henry, who proposed to use cold as a means of concentrating mineral waters. Evaporation by heat is obviously inapplicable in such cases, owing to the ease with which these waters decompose. A commission of the French Academy was formed at a recent meeting to examine the merits of a process to which we have already briefly referred, invented by M. Alvaro Reynoso, a chemist residing in Havannah, for concentrating syrups by the same means. A saccharine solution, marking only 6° of Beaumé, becomes, by congelation, converted into ice, and a syrup of 30°; the further particulars of the process we have recently given. "It is extraordinary," says *Les Mondes*, "that the very natural idea of applying cold as a means of extracting sugar did not occur to those chemists who have written so much on the alteration of juices by heat, especially at a time when the means of producing cold, at one time unknown and impossible, are in common use, and are applied to the concentration of sea and mineral water." M. Reynoso is at present in this country examining the merits of the different refrigerating apparatus in use here. At first sight the process appears to be feasible. The ice produced will, of course, be of some value. It seems, however, to have been assumed that the application of excessive cold will have no injurious effect upon the syrups. It will be not a little singular if this invention should prove as important to the sugar manufacturer as Howard's celebrated "vacuum pan," by which the inventor made a colossal fortune.

DR. BULLAR, writing to *The Medical Times*, gives a simple and apparently valuable means of averting a threatened death from an overdose of chloroform. He states the case of a patient to whom chloroform had been administered, and the operation made, when the pulse was found to intermit, and then the heart's action and breathing ceased. The plan which, under such circumstances, has been for many years followed in the Southampton Hospital is for those assisting to strike the patient with the flat hand in the most vigorous and rapid way on all exposed parts of the skin (the trunk, the legs, the arms, and the face), and to continue this until the pulse and breathing return. The mouth should be also kept open, and the tongue drawn forward. In the present case, from five to ten minutes elapsed before the heart acted, and not until both legs were blue with ecchymoses. Every part of the skin should be rapidly exposed, and every one should assist and strike with his flat hand as sharply and rapidly as he can, and continue it. In this instance the immediate local effect, in filling the parts of the skin which were struck and around them with red blood whilst the heart and breathing had ceased, showed that this plan is a stimulus of the reflex nervous function of a very vigorous

kind, which can be immediately applied to the cutaneous ends of the nerves over a large surface without any apparatus, and with the greatest ease. As the sympathetic nerve resides over the capillaries, and over the heart, the excitement of both by this means is readily explained by the direct communications of the ganglia of the sympathetic with the roots of the spinal nerves. Dr. Bullar says, according to the doctrine of the correlation of forces, the mechanical force of the hands of the strikers is converted into the nerve-force of the patient, and is conveyed by the sensitive nerves of the skin to the spinal cord, and is reflected from it, through the sympathetic, to the heart and capillaries. Dr. Kidd disagrees with this explanation in the next number of the journal.

SEVERAL ineffectual attempts have been made, during the last fifty years, to abate the nuisance caused by the copper smoke, which is given off during the calcining of the ore. Copper-smelters are in the habit of paying large sums as compensation for the damage done to the vegetation in the neighbourhood of their works by the clouds of valuable copper smoke which are allowed to pass into the air. Thousands of pounds are annually wasted in this manner; but up to the present time no plan has been found to answer practically for utilizing the smoke. Messrs. Vivian & Sons, the eminent copper-smelters of Swansea, who have already made great efforts in this direction, are about to adopt an improved roasting furnace, for which the inventor, M. Gerstenhöfer, a chemist of Freiberg, took out a patent in 1863. It has hitherto been the practice to perform the roasting operation either in kilns, grate furnaces, or muffles. In the first case, the stamped ores are mixed with clay or loam, and formed into balls, which are then dried. When muffles are used, the pounded pyrites is spread on plates of fire-clay, and requires to be kept continually stirred to expose fresh surfaces to the air. Neither of these processes answer practically. M. Gerstenhöfer's improved furnace is described as consisting of "a vertical chamber, constructed of fire-brick, and fitted with a series of horizontal bearers (formed of fire-brick) distributed evenly through the body of the furnace, for the purpose of intercepting, and thereby distributing the crushed ore as it is discharged through the top of the furnace from suitable feeding boxes. . . . The upper face of the bearers is made flat, to receive the ore, and after accumulating on the upper bearer it slides off on to those lower down, and so on, until it finally falls to the bottom of the furnace, at which time it is supposed to have parted with its sulphur." The gases passing out at the mouth of the furnace are led into a large chamber; first, however, heating the pipes which supply air to the grate, where they deposit "the dust of roasted ores, and also the arsenious acid." The gases are now ready to pass into the ordinary sulphuric acid chambers. The inventor states in his specification that "The Royal Saxon Sulphuric Acid Works have made a trial with a furnace of the improved construction with so great a success, that it is now almost exclusively employed for the roasting of pyrites at that establishment." The working of this furnace has been carefully investigated by Messrs. Vivian, who expect to make 1,000 tons of sulphuric acid per week from the copper smoke which would otherwise be worse than wasted. We are, therefore, not surprised to hear that Messrs. Vivian have paid the inventor 4,000*l.* for his patent right.

In this practical age even archæology is made to do service; at least so it appears from a recent number of *Les Mondes*. This journal tells us when the town of Rodey was almost entirely deprived of water, some archæologists called the attention of a learned society in Aveyron, to the existence of a Roman aqueduct situated in the wood of Valière, and to the possibility of utilizing it by leading the waters of Vorse through it into the town. The thing was considered, the work was begun, and finally, in spite of many difficulties, the undertaking was completed with perfect success. Thus has been restored to its original use one of the finest monuments of Roman power and Roman domination in the country of the Ruthenes.

We learn from *Les Mondes* that Professor Geppert has been making experiments to ascertain the nature of the diamond. These experiments prove that diamonds cannot be produced by igneous action, because they become black when submitted to a high temperature. That they are of aqueous origin, and that they were once in a soft state, is proved not only by the fact that they bear upon their surface impres-

sions of black grains and other crystals, but because enclosed within them are foreign bodies, such as crystals, germs of mushrooms, and even of vegetable structures of higher organization. If the conclusions of M. Geppert are correct, they confirm and explain the views of Newton, Brewster, and Liebig, that diamonds are the final product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances.

SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE PHYSICAL CAUSE OF THE SUBMERGENCE OF THE LAND DURING THE GLACIAL EPOCH.

I HAVE received the enclosed letter from Mr. Croll, with his permission to send it to *THE READER* for publication. I need scarcely remark that this theory not only throws a great deal of light on the meaning of many well-known observations, but is fertile in future results.

ANDW. C. RAMSAY.

Glasgow, August 22, 1865.

I SEND you a few lines on a subject on which I know you feel very much interested. It has been found that both in Europe and in America, or, in fact, wherever there have been any records left of the glacial epoch, that a general submergence of the land followed closely upon the appearance of the ice-sheet. This fact has led some geologists to suspect that there must have been some physical connexion between the appearance of the ice and the sinking of the land. In an able paper lately read before the Geological Society, Mr. Jamieson suggests that the submergence might have been caused by the earth's crust having yielded under the enormous weight of the ice.

While pondering over the subject, a few days ago, what I suppose to have been the true cause of the submergence suggested itself to my mind. The cause was a purely mechanical one, of extreme beauty and simplicity. The submergence was a necessary result of the influence of the weight of the ice-sheet on the earth's centre of gravity. The whole affair is so simple and obvious, that it is singular that the cause should have so long escaped observation.

The surface of the ocean always adjusts itself in relation to the earth's centre of gravity, no matter what the form of the solid mass of the earth may happen to be. Now, if a large portion of the water of the ocean be converted into solid ice, and placed, for example, around the northern Polar regions, it will necessarily change the position of the earth's centre of gravity. The centre of gravity will be removed a little to the north of its former position. The water of the ocean will then forsake the old centre, and adjust itself in relation to the new. The surface of the ocean will, therefore, rise towards the North Pole, and fall towards the South; in other words, there will be, in relation to the sea-level, a depression of the land on the northern hemisphere, and an elevation on the southern. The surface of the land, it is true, will not sink nearer to the earth's centre of gravity, as is generally supposed, but the centre of gravity will rise nearer to the surface. The land will not sink under the sea; but, what is the same thing, the sea will, in consequence of the change in the earth's centre of gravity, rise upon the land. The extent of the rise of the ocean level, or, what is equally the same, the extent of the submergence, will be in proportion to the weight of the ice-sheet. The weight or the size of the ice-sheet being known, we can determine, with the utmost certainty, the extent of the submergence; or, conversely, the extent of the submergence being known, we can determine both the weight and size of the ice-sheet. It is singular why physicists should not have perceived the physical impossibility of an ice-sheet, several thousands of feet in thickness, being placed upon the northern hemisphere, and the ocean still retaining its former level in relation to the land; unless this ice-sheet be counterbalanced by one of equal weight placed upon the southern hemisphere. But this leads us to another result. The submergence of the land during the glacial epoch leads to the conclusion that the glaciation was not contemporaneous on both hemispheres. If the ice-sheet had covered both hemispheres, the earth's centre of gravity, and, consequently, the ocean-level, would have remained unaffected. The submergence of the land is, therefore, another confirmation of the truth of the theory, which attributes the glacial epoch to the excentricity of the earth's orbit; for, as you are aware, if the glacial epoch had been due to excentricity, the glaciation could have extended to only one hemisphere at a time.

One hemisphere would have been covered with snow and ice, while the other would have been enjoying a perpetual spring.

A glacial epoch resulting from the excentricity of the earth's orbit would extend over a period of upwards of 100,000 years. But owing to the precession of the equinoxes, and the revolution of the apsides, the glaciation would be transferred from the one hemisphere to the other every 10,000 years or so. A glacial epoch extending over 100,000 years would, therefore, be broken up with five or six warm periods. A warm period on the one hemisphere would be contemporaneous with a cold period on the other. Under these circumstances we ought to have elevation of the land during the warm periods, and submergence during the cold. The land ought to have stood higher than at present during some periods of the glacial epoch as well as lower. This again, I presume, is in agreement with geological facts. That the cold of the glacial epoch was not continuous but was broken up by comparatively warm periods, when the ice, to a considerable extent at least, disappeared, I think, has been clearly proved by Morlot, Geikie, and others, from the stratified beds of sand, clay, and gravel, old water-courses and striated "pavements" which have been found in the true boulder clay. (See Geikie's *Glacial Drift of Scotland*, pp. 92-94. Morlot's paper in the *Edin. New Phil. Journal* New series. Vol. II., 1855. Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, second edition, p. 320).

We shall now consider whether the relation between the actual extent of the submergence during the glacial epoch and the size of the ice-sheet be something like what it ought to be on the supposition that the submergence resulted from the cause which we have assigned. Unfortunately, however, the utmost uncertainty still prevails both in regard to the size of the ice-sheet and also in regard to the actual extent of the submergence. All that we can therefore do, is to make a rough estimate of what probably was the thickness and extent of the ice, and then to ascertain whether the amount of the submergence theoretically deduced from the supposed quantity of the ice, is anything like an approximation to the generally-received opinion among geologists regarding the probable extent of the submergence.

It has been proved by Mr. Jamieson that in some parts of Scotland the ice-sheet must have at least been 3,000 feet thick. Agassiz thinks that in some parts of North America its thickness could not have been less than a mile. The thickness of the ice in Scandinavia and other parts of northern Europe must also have been enormous. What was the probable thickness of the ice in Greenland and other Arctic regions during the glacial period, we are, I presume, unable to form the least conjecture. But to simplify our calculations, let us assume that it was, say 7,000 feet thick at the North Pole, and that it gradually diminished in thickness towards the Equator, according to a law, into the consideration of which we need not here enter, so that the upper surface of the sheet should form a curve exactly the same as the surface of the land underneath. The specific gravity of ice is .92, and the mean specific gravity of the earth, according to the determination of the Astronomer Royal, is 5.66. Hence the specific gravity of the ice-sheet would be to that of the earth as 1 to 7. Consequently, if a sheet of the same density as that of the earth, and 1,000 feet thick at the Pole had been substituted in the room of the ice-sheet, it would have produced the same effect. But this would be simply adding 1,000 feet to the polar diameter of the globe without increasing its equatorial diameter. But 1,000 feet thus placed on one side of the globe which, in the present case, is on the north side, would, of course, shift the centre of gravity 500 feet to the north of its former position, and as the ocean would accompany the centre, there would consequently be a submergence at the North Pole equal to 500 feet. But this is not all; for at the time that the ice-sheet would be forming on the northern hemisphere, a sheet of equal size would be melting off the southern, and this of course would double the effect, and thus produce a total submergence of 1,000 feet at the North Pole, and a total elevation of 1,000 feet at the South Pole. A sheet 3,500 feet thick at the Pole would produce one-half that effect.

The same results would, of course, follow, although the thickness of the ice-sheet at the Poles were far less than we have for convenience assumed, provided that an equal amount of ice be in some way or other placed on the northern hemisphere.

Although the general submergence and re-elevation of the land during the glacial epoch were, no doubt, due to the cause which we have been considering, still there would probably have been local depressions and elevations going on during that period, resulting from other causes, the same as there are at present, and have been in all ages.—I am, yours respectfully,

JAMES CROLL.

Professor Ramsay.

MR. BAKER'S NILE DISCOVERY.

Keir, Dunblane, N.B., August 29.

AS the following letter from Mr. Samuel Baker, the enterprising discoverer of the great African lake, Albert Nyanza, contains some scientific detail which was not given in a letter I sent to *The Times*, I transmit it to you, because it still more fully substantiates the accuracy of the geographical observations of my lamented friend Captain Speke.

RODERICK I. MURCHISON.

Khartoum, June 21, 1865.

My dear Sir,—The Nile has been so low up to this time, that no boats could pass the cataract between this and Berber, and thus I have been detained. It has risen within the last few days, and I shall start directly for Berber, and reach Cairo *via* Souakin and Suez. Since my arrival here I have learnt the distressing news of poor Speke's death. No one would have rejoiced more than he at the success of my expedition, which he and I planned at Gondokoro.

I have seen a map published by one Miani, and addressed to the Viceroy of Egypt, in which he has the presumption to nullify the exploration of Speke and Grant.

On my return from the interior to Gondokoro I passed the extreme limit of Miani's journey, in company with many men who, belonging to a trader, had formerly accompanied Miani to that point, where he cut his name upon a tamarind tree. This tree was pointed out to me, and as I occupied that night by the White Nile, within three miles north of that same tree, I took three observations of stars on the meridian, to determine the position.

March 8.—Index error 2° 35'. Meridian altitude:—

			N. lat.
α . Centauri	... 26° 9' 17"	=	3° 34' 41"
β . Centauri	... 26° 41' 17"	=	3° 35' 52"
α . Crucis	... 24° 7' 2"	=	3° 32' 15"

Sum 10° 42' 48"

Mean, N. lat. 3° 34' 16"

Miani's tree, being three miles south, will be in latitude 3° 31' north, and he has himself placed it at 2°! His whole map is an example of childish ignorance, with a fair amount of imposture.

I should not have troubled you with this note, but, as poor Speke is gone, the field is open to impostors whom he cannot contradict.

There has been a frightful epidemic raging here, which, by the description of the Siberian pest, appears to be somewhat similar. It is a form of typhus, which is so generally fatal, that a few above 300 men are left out of 4,000 troops quartered in Khartoum! The disease seldom lasts more than six or eight days.—Ever, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

SAMUEL W. BAKER.

Sir R. I. Murchison, K.C.B.

THE TIDES.

London, August 28.

I HAVE to thank your correspondent "H. J." for the information about the river Hamble. I agree with him in thinking that the second tide, two hours after the first, is due to the water coming round the east of the Isle of Wight. If we compare the times of high water at Cowes and Portsmouth, we find that at the latter place it is half an hour later than at the former, and consequently that the time required for the tide in Southampton Water to meet and be affected by the tide running up at the east of the Isle of Wight would probably be something like an hour and a-half or two hours. As to the change in the direction of the current shortly before low water I can offer no explanation, but the whole question of currents along our coasts is well deserving attention. At many places in the Channel (I cannot say if it is universal) the current sets eastward for five hours and westward for seven, while the times of high and low water are six hours apart. Is this from a greater quantity of water coming down from the German Ocean than that which finds its way up

the Channel, or has the contraction of the Channel at the east end the effect of checking the movement of water in that direction, and allowing the tidal wave to reverse its direction sooner than it can do on the ebb, when the widening of the Channel has imparted a greater velocity? I do not know if any experiments have been undertaken to see if the currents along shore change their direction earlier than out at sea. In rivers we know that the tide turns sooner at the sides, from the increased friction and lower velocity, than it does in the centre of the stream, and it would be curious to compare the two together. S. L. T.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN ACADEMIES.

PARIS.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—August 21.—M. Coulvier-Gravier presented "Some Observations on the Shooting-stars of the 9, 10, and 11 of August, 1865." We shall return to this communication.—M. Allegret presented a memoir upon "The Precession of Equinoxes, and upon the Duration of the Tropical Year." Dr. Lloyd sent "Some Magnetical and Meteorologic Observations, made at Trinity College, Dublin." No abstracts of these papers are given in the *Comptes Rendus*.—M. Cloëz read a second memoir upon his experiments "On the Oxidation of Vegetable Oils." In his former researches the author examined the action of air upon various oils; this action, however, being influenced by light and heat, he now determines the separate effect of these two agents. For this purpose he places the oils in glass vessels of various colours or in total darkness, and also heats the oils for different periods in atmospheres of various gases. In this manner he finds that the augmentation of weight in oils exposed for ten days to a white light is very great; to a blue, little; to yellow, red, and green, scarcely any; and in total darkness, none at all. For twenty days the results proceeded in the same ratio, but after thirty the augmentation under the blue glass is greater than that under the white. The same thing occurs under the yellow, red, and green glasses; after a certain time the augmentation under these is greater than that of either the blue or white. These results were not caused by any difference of temperature in the vessels, as seen by thermometers placed in each. The oils were then heated in a water bath at 100° for six hours, in an atmosphere of air, hydrogen, and carbonic acid. The portion heated in air augmented in weight as it became oxidized, and produced suffocating acid vapours, while the others were not affected.

A note was read from Dr. Donné, containing "New Observations upon the Putrefaction of Eggs." Eggs of different fowls were decomposed by exposure for some time to the sun, but upon microscopic examination, no trace whatever of animal or vegetable life could be seen. The author submits this fact to the advocates of the spontaneous generation theory. The gases generated by the decomposition of the egg had such explosive power that, in time, they were able to break the shell even of ostrich eggs, which are as solid as ivory.—M. Blomstrand communicated a memoir "On Metals of the Tantalum Group." According to the author, there are in this group only the two metals, tantalum and niobium (the columbium of Hatchett). The acid compounds are only two in number: tantalic acid Ta O₃, and niobic acid Nb O₃; both are tetratomic. The white hyponiobic chloride of Rose is only an oxychloride of niobium Nb₂ Cl₃ O₃. Hyponiobic acid, formed by the decomposition of white oxychloride, is the true niobic acid Nb O₃, rarely found in a state of purity in natural compounds. The dianic acid of M. Kobell is, doubtless, this niobic acid, either pure or mixed with a certain quantity of tantalic acid.

M. Davaine, in a letter upon the subject of animals affected with the *maladie charbonneuse*, states that there is a constant presence of Bacterides in animals so affected. This conclusion, it may be remembered, is in opposition to the results given by MM. Leplat and Jaillard in a paper they read at the previous meeting of the Academy.—M. Oehl sent a note upon the reflex motive influence of the pneumogastric nerve upon the bladder.—M. de Boismont read a paper "On the Influence of Family Life in the Treatment of Mental Maladies." The author gives instances of patients on whom the influence of society has been the means of restoring their intellect. Though not without difficulty, the author believes it possible to adopt this method

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in large asylums with success. — M. Grimaud read a memoir "On Quarantines." He shows the value of quarantines, and the good they have done; nevertheless, in spite of them, the cholera still continues its devastating and irresistible march. — In a communication from M. Pécho-lier, it was stated that alcohol in the condition of absinthe is not more dangerous than in the state of brandy; the difference of their effects being explained by the fact that absinthe is always taken before, and brandy after a meal.

M. Damour read a memoir "On the Composition of Stone Adzes found in Celtic Monuments and among Savage Tribes." The author has made a careful examination and analysis of the various stones of which these adzes are formed. The principal are flint, obsidian, fibrolite, oriental jade, oceanic jade, saussurite, &c. — M. Guérin-Ménéville read a note "On the Properties of Ailante Wood." This wood is found to be superior in every respect to both oak and ash. — M. Milne Edwards communicated an important note from M. Lartet, upon a plate of fossil ivory found in a cavern in the interior of France. We refer to this in our Scientific Notes.

BERLIN.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. — June 1. — M. Ewald read a paper "On the Eastern Termination of the Subhercynian Basin." — Professor Peters communicated a supplement to his memoir "On the Typhlopina," containing remarks on the synonymy of some species of those snakes, and descriptions of two new species — namely, *Typhlops (Onychocephalus) Güntheri* and *T. (O.) obtusus* — the former from Australia, the latter from Mozambique. Professor Peters also described a West African variety of his *Stenostoma scutifrons*. The second part of a memoir was presented from M. Hermann von Schlaginweit-Sakunilinski, "On the Mean Temperature of the Year and its Seasons in India," containing results of investigations in the Himalayas, Thibet, and Turkistan.

June 12. — Professor Rammelsberg read an elaborate analytical paper "On the Composition and Constitution of the Topaz." — A memoir by Professor Wiedemann was also communicated, "On the Magnetism of the Salts of the Magnetic Metals," containing the results of numerous experiments. — Professor Peters read a paper, "On the Classification of the Insectivora," with especial reference to the curious genus, *Potamo-gale*. — Professor Du Bois-Reymond exhibited to the meeting living specimens of the North American Bullfrog, sent to him from New York.

June 22. — M. Kummer read a paper "On Algebraical Ray-Systems, especially those of the First and Second Order." — Professor Mommsen communicated some further observations on an inscription from the ancient Troesmis, which had been elucidated by him at a former meeting. — A paper was presented from Dr. G. Quinke, containing the results of an investigation "On the Penetration of Totally Reflected Light into a less Dense Medium."

June 26. — M. Hagen read a paper "On the Movement of Water in Tubes."

June 29. — M. Borchardt presented a memoir "On the Determination of the Tetrahedron Possessing the Greatest Volume with given Lateral Faces."

VIENNA.

IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. — June 21. — A memoir by Dr. F. Bischoff, entitled "Contributions to the History of the Magdeburg Law," was presented to the meeting.

June 22. — Tables of the ice-conditions observed in the Danube, during the years 1860–1864, was presented to the Academy. Dr. F. Daurawa communicated a memoir "On the Properties of Lime and its Compounds, with Geometric Inferences resulting therefrom." — M. K. Fritsch presented a paper containing the results of "Observations on Temperature made on five different floors of the Meteorological Observatory in Vienna." These observations were made three or four times daily for two years, in order to ascertain the influence of its elevation above the ground upon the thermometer; they lead in many respects to results similar to those previously obtained by Dr. Prestel at Emden, but the variation produced in consequence of difference of elevation has so inconsiderable an influence on the mean values, that it may practically be disregarded. — Dr. A. Boné made some remarks "On the Mineralogico-paleontological Determination of Geological Formations," in which he indicated the advantages attained by the paleontological mode of geological investigation; but also pointed out the importance of combining therewith the consideration of the lithological characters of the forma-

tions. — A paper was read "On the Structure of the Retina in the Mollusca," by Dr. Babouchin, of Moscow. Dr. Karl von Reichenbach continued his description of the luminous phenomena upon which he reported at a previous meeting of the Academy.

June 28. — Dr. Pfizmaier communicated a memoir on a curious series of narratives connected with the Japanese theogony, which furnish valuable philological materials, and also contain interesting indications of ancient usages, &c.

MUSIC.

THE EDINBURGH PROFESSORSHIP OF MUSIC.

THE Chair of Music in the Edinburgh University is now vacant. The honours and rewards open to musicians in these islands are so few, the public recognition of the art so slight, that it becomes a matter of some importance that a post like this should be well filled. Much might be written in the way of speculation on the functions and qualifications of a professor. It is a subject which suggests many puzzling questions. But, whatever views be held upon the debated points, two things, it seems to us, are most important to be kept in mind by those with whom the election rests. First: questions of birth or nationality should not be allowed to have aught whatever to do with the election. Music is an art which, in all its aspects, is absolutely catholic. It belongs to no people but to every people, and if the object be to get the best man to do its service, not a particular corner of the world, but the whole world, should be searched till he is found. The part of the professorial duty which demands knowledge of the vernacular is insignificant. If the best man that can be found is an Englishman, let an Englishman be appointed; if a Scotchman, if an Edinburgh man, let him have the place. But if a better man can be found in Germany, or in France, than among ourselves, let not the superstition of "encouraging native talent" stand in the way of his being appointed. This childish prejudice, if logically followed, would make it a condition that the new professor should have been born within sight of Arthur's Seat. Doubtless there are true Britons capable of filling the post; but the best of these will probably be too well settled to care about applying for it. Any one moderately acquainted with the state of music abroad would be able to mention more than one distinguished musician to whom the comparatively liberal endowment of the Edinburgh chair would be a temptation. Scotland must go south for good music; a country where there are no orchestras cannot give a musical education of its own. Why should the area of competition stop at latitude 52°? why not take in Leipsic, Cologne, Dresden, if any of these places can send a good man? The "Modern Athens" has hitherto not followed its ancient prototype in its reverence for μουσική. In this it is behind many a provincial town in England, France, and Germany. But there is no limit to the work which a musician of genius and energy might not effect if put at the head of affairs as occupant of the professorial chair.

Another point which we believe to be of vital importance is this: the professor, whoever he is, should do professorial work *only* as the officer of the university. Hundreds of men would take the post without salary, as an "introduction," trusting to the attraction of the title as a safe guarantee for a lucrative private practice. Cambridge gives its professor nothing, or next to nothing, and so has no right to demand his full and exclusive service. But this *ought* to be thought a degradation — not indeed for the man, but for the corporation. It would be considered intolerable that the Greek Professor should make a living by teaching little boys their declensions, and it is equally monstrous that the stipend of a university professor should be subsidized by the profits of boarding-school lessons. No private teaching, except to *bond fide* students of the university, is a rule which Edinburgh, at least, can afford to make.

MUSICAL NOTES.

AN "Operetta House," or theatre for the production of light musical comedy, is a thing which has been much wanted in London; and an attempt is now being made, we observe, to carry out the idea. The place is to be the little theatre in Dean Street, which has become so popular under its title of the "New Royalty." A modest and sensible prospectus sets forth that Miss Fanny

Reeves is the directress, and that the company includes, besides that lady, Miss Susan Galton, Miss Fosbrook, Miss M. Lascelles, and several other lady singers. Mr. Elliott Galer and Mr. Honey are among the tenors and basses. The season opens to-night with a comic opera called "Castle Grim," the libretto by Mr. Reece, the music by Mr. G. B. Allen, and a new burlesque by Mr. W. Brough. "During the season will be produced adaptations of the most popular operatic works (suitable to the theatre) in the French and German repertoire. At the same time, a preference will be given to works by native authors and composers." Mr. Oxenford is said to be engaged on a "new and original comic opera," for which Mr. W. M. Lutz is to compose the music. Such an enterprise as this should succeed, if carried on with a fair amount of spirit. The theatre is excellently suited to the purpose, and the prices have been put at a judiciously low scale, and "fees to boxkeepers entirely abolished."

THE programmes of the Gloucester Musical Festival, which opens on Tuesday, are rather more fragmentary in form than usual. Only two great oratorios, "Elijah" and "Messiah," are to be done without curtailment. Half of "St. Paul," with "The Last Judgment," makes up the first morning's performance; the second is devoted to selections from the "Hymn of Praise," "Samson," and the "Mount of Olives," with the "Requiem" of Mozart, and sundry detached pieces by various composers. The feature, however, of this festival is the absence of two or three singers whose assistance the public has hitherto thought indispensable at such gatherings, Mr. Reeves, Madame Dolby, and Mr. Weiss, having all, it is understood, declined to accept the terms offered by their new conductor. This incident has thrown an unpleasant shade over the prospects of the meeting; but these cathedral festivals have attractions of their own, which are independent of the greater or less brilliancy of the artistic corps which may be employed; and the presence of Mdlle. Titiens and Miss Pyne, the greatest of foreign and of English soprani, and of Mr. Santley, first of baritones, ought to be enough to console those to whom "stars" are the attraction. Gloucester Cathedral is by many degrees the grandest of the three round which the festival cycles. Music like the "Requiem," "Elijah," or "Messiah," sung under the roof of that solid old Norman nave, is a "sensation" not to be had every day.

MR. MELLON'S concerts still continue to draw crowds so vast, that it is quite unnecessary for us to enlarge on their attractions. Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, the darling of the promenaders, has reappeared, and makes the same sensation with her "Oh luce di quest' anima" and her "Coming thro' the rye" as if she had not been singing them a dozen times a-week for the last three years. The fagging life of a vocal phenomenon has not improved the tone of her organ. Thin and shrill it always was, and it is now less musical than ever. The "L'Africaine" selection pleases more and more every time it is heard; the most "taking" points in it are *Nelusko's* ballad, "Fille des Rois," which is very acceptable to the admirers of Mr. Levy's cornet, and the "Sleep Song," which Mr. Lazarus warbles so charmingly on his clarinet. But the grand *coup* is of course the 16-bar prelude, which never misses a double *encore*. We observe, by the way, that in the seductive bit of bridal music from the fourth act, where the bell accompaniment comes in, Mr. Mellon introduces the little bell-pianette, as was done in Paris. We missed this at the late performance of the opera; perhaps the sound of the little instrument was covered by the over-resonant tone of Mr. Costa's band.

A HITHERTO unknown pianoforte composition of Beethoven is reported to have been discovered by Professor Nohl, of Munich — a piece in A minor, written in the composer's own hand, and inscribed "Pour Elisa, April 27."

ABBE LIZST has been lately at Pesth, superintending the production of his oratorio on the story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. A correspondent of *The Musical Gazette* of Paris says that the audience enjoyed the first part of the work, but got tired of the second. This is the St. Elizabeth who is so well known to all readers of English poetry as the subject of Mr. Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy." Her story is a grim one to be put into music.

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